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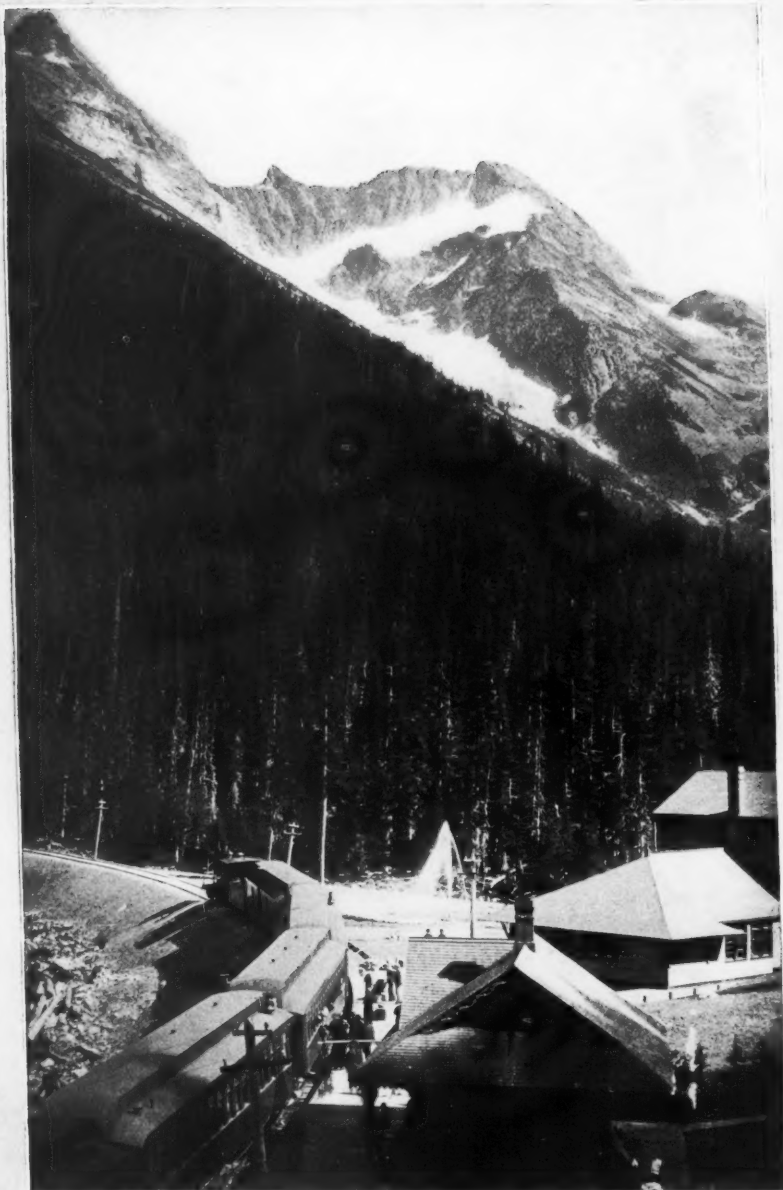
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FRONTISPIECE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

A SCENE IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES.

THE STATION AT GLACIER, WITH MOUNT "SIR DONALD" IN THE DISTANCE.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XV

MAY, 1900

No. 1

CANADA AND THE TOURIST.

LAST summer, as I passed along northern Ontario, between Port Arthur and Rat Portage, I saw, side-tracked by the bank of a river, the private palace car of the President of the New York Central, one of the richest citizens of the United States. His wealth could not provide him in New York with what he was seeking and getting, free of charge, in Canada—the pleasure of casting a fly for gamey fish amid the most entrancing and restful natural scenery.

As I sojourned at Banff and Laggan and the Glacier in the Rockies, I met Europeans who had crossed the Atlantic and a great continent to view mountains more majestic in their number and extent than the Alps of Europe and fully equal in grandeur and colouring.

In Vancouver and Victoria I met Americans from San Francisco and other western cities who had come up to see the beauties of British Columbia, its famous mountains, rivers and salmon fisheries and to enjoy one of the balmiest climates in the world.

The Muskoka region, in Ontario, is crowded each summer with tourists from all parts of the United States, and last year many were forced to make a short stay because of inadequate accommodation.

The City of Quebec, with its quaintness and its romance, is yearly attracting an increased number of travellers anxious to see its mediæval relics and its historic rock. The celebrated

Chateau Frontenac is taxed to accommodate all the visitors who write their names on the register in an office which overlooks one of the most beautiful terraces in the world.

The Maritime Provinces are now the regular camping grounds of the people from the cities of the Eastern States. Halifax and St. John are well known as objective points for those who wish to escape for a month from the toil and heat of a large city, and to avoid the bustle and rush of a fashionable watering place. Here they find a land which is fanned by cooling sea breezes, which possesses land-locked harbours, where even the frail bark canoe may be safely launched, where the scenery is of a sweet pastoral simplicity or an impressive grandeur, and where in crystal brook or primeval forests may be found sport which will create memories to be treasured throughout life.

While the number of foreign tourists is on the increase, the Canadian people themselves are awakening to a realization that in their own country are to be found the chiefest pleasures of life. The neighbourly relations between the people of adjacent provinces are being extended and more "social calls" are being paid. The people of Ontario, and they comprise one-third of the whole population of Canada, are found making summer tours eastward through Quebec and the Maritime Provinces or westward across the prairies to the

mountain regions of British Columbia. Such a result is the inevitable accompaniment of the growth of railroad and steamship lines and of the perfecting of travelling comforts. The development of inter-provincial trade, the broadening of patriotism from provincial to national boundaries, and the more thorough acquaintance with Canadian history are also important factors in this development of inter-provincial travel.

The growth of the Canadian urban population has increased the number of people who are desirous of getting "back to nature" for at least one month of the year. Hence in the neighbourhood of each city there are one or more special districts where the summer cottage is in increasing evidence and where the formalism and restraint of the city can be laid aside to the benefit of mind and body. It is not many years since the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence were the only important resort of this character. Recently, however, many other places have grown into equal prominence as resorts. The people of Winnipeg do their camping and summer cottage duties on the Lake of the Woods, chiefly at Rat Portage. The people of the Ontario cities have resorts in the Georgian Bay, on Lake Huron, Lake Erie, on the Niagara Peninsula, the Muskoka lakes, and along the Upper St. Lawrence. The denizens of Montreal have created many beautiful summer villages along the Lower St. Lawrence. The citizens of St. John and Halifax have no trouble in finding quiet sea-beaches beside which they may while away the heated days of summer.

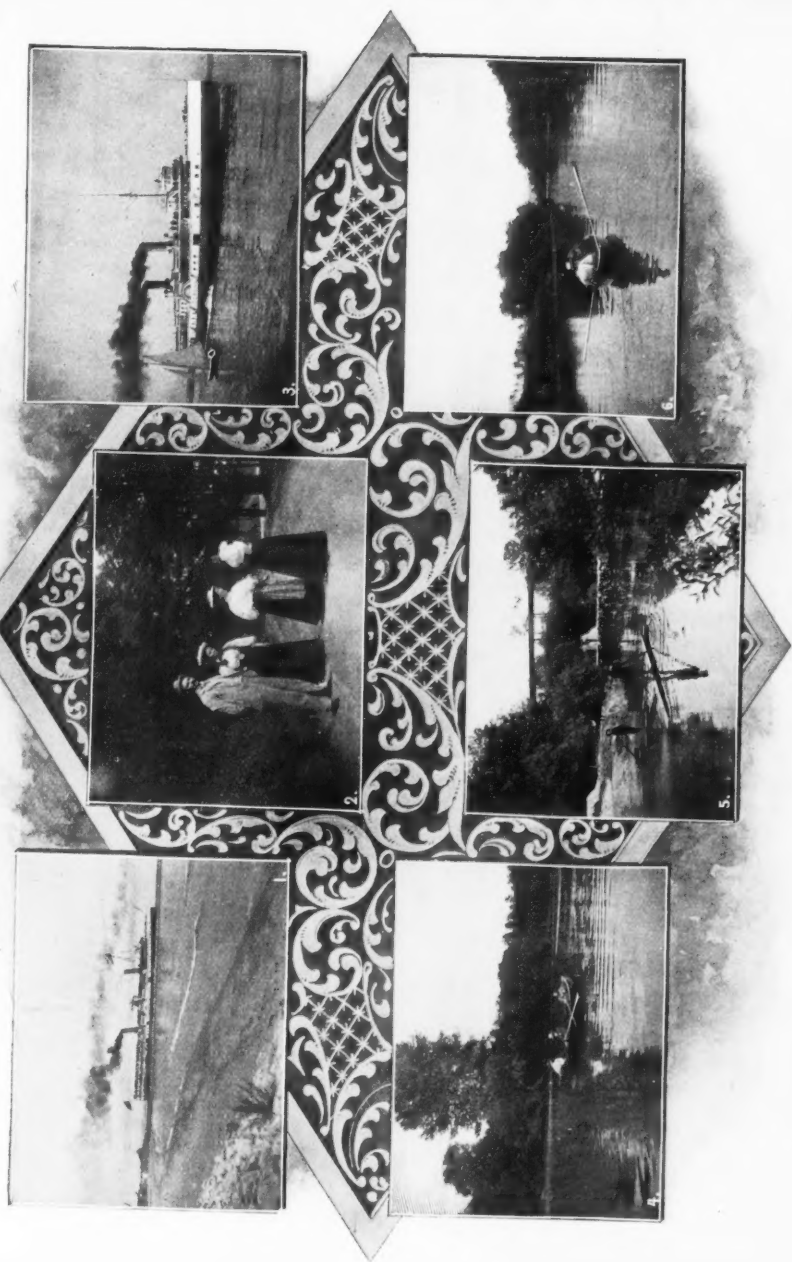
The young men who desire to avoid the village of summer cottages and summer hotels have begun to visit Lake Temiskaming and Lake Temagaming, on the boundary between Ontario and Quebec, and some 230 miles north-west of Ottawa. The boundary runs through Temagaming, while Temiskaming is about forty miles east. The railway now runs as far up as Temiskaming Station at the southern extremity of

the lake of that name. Here there is a fair hotel. It is best to take canoes and supplies along, but Indians can be engaged there. On Lake Temiskaming there is a steamer which takes the canoeist up to the head of the lake (75 miles); and from there to Lake Temagaming, via the Montreal River, is several days' paddle. There is a shorter route by the River Metabetchewan, but the former route is more novel even if more difficult. Temagaming is above the average of these northern lakes in its beauty, its fish and its game. It contains over thirteen hundred wooded islands and these make canoeing safe and pleasant. There are trout and bass and doré such as are never seen nowadays in the better known tributaries of the St. Lawrence, and deer, bear and moose are frequently encountered. There is a Hudson's Bay Company post at Bear Island, in the centre of the lake, but otherwise there is no sign of civilization in the region. Indians, of course, are met with in many parts, and the canoeist is generally pleased to meet them.*

To return from this digression to the general subject, it may be remarked in conclusion that it is certain that Canada shall become more and more the resort of the summer traveller, especially from the United States. Her thousands of lakes and rivers afford plenty of sport for the seeker after pleasant excitement, her vast forest preserves are still well stocked with the finest game in the world, and the natural beauty of the many regions, which the prosaic hand of civilization has not yet touched, affords rest to the tired man or woman of the world. Canada is rising in importance as the natural play-ground of America, and that explains why this tourist number of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE has been prepared.

* Two illustrated articles on this region, by a Torontonian who spent two or three seasons there, may be found in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, June and July, 1899, under the title, "With Rifle and Rod in the Mooselands of Northern Ontario."

The Editor.



SCENES IN AND ABOUT TORONTO.
 1. A Niagara Navigation Co. Steamer. 2. In High Park. 3. In Toronto Bay. 4. On the Humber River. 5. In Reservoir Park. 6. On the Humber River.



Summer on the Pacific Coast .

By Julian Durham



A FEW BRITISH COLUMBIAN THUMB-NAIL SKETCHES.

TRULY the trail of the tourist is over it all ! Strolling about the busy cities on the Pacific Coast, that present to the stranger such odd contrasts between the modern buildings, flanking their asphalted streets, their quaint Chinatowns, and the impenetrable wildernesses of their vacant "town lots"—wandering through the exquisite glades of Stanley Park, or the charmingly laid-out grounds of Beacon Hill—a boat in the harbours—a-picnicking up the canyons—a-wheel anywhere—the tourist is ubiquitous throughout the province of British Columbia.

How well we know him with his inevitable kodak and his soft fedora hat, and how dearly we love him for his honest appreciation of our great Canadian West ! Occasionally it is amus-

ing to watch his astonishment at the growth and development of the new towns, or to note his admiration of the wondrous beauty of some fern-dressed ravine, that is cleft into the very heart of the heavily-wooded hills, but at all times it is vastly pleasing to hear him exclaim with genuine enthusiasm : " I am glad I came ! "

And, well he may be—not only glad, but interested and fascinated also, for the tourist who visits British Columbia (let us say during the months from April to November, which are by far the most enjoyable on the Coast) finds himself amongst surroundings such as he has never met with elsewhere. In the first place, he discovers everything to be on a very large and generous scale, from the mountains with their giant fir trees and luxuriant vegetation, down

to the ideas of the hospitable inhabitants in this land where free life and fresh air characterize the entire country. Secondly, there is so much to see and to do that cannot be seen or done one-half as well in any other locality. And last, but not least, there comes to every stranger who visits the West that restful sense of living near to Nature's heart which appeals so strongly to the jaded minds of town-bred men and women. From dusk to dawn, from sunrise to sunset, a mighty peace lies upon the land, and a feeling of space exhilar-



PHOTO. BY THOMPSON, VANCOUVER.

THE BIG TREES IN STANLEY PARK, VANCOUVER.

ates the brain. Life seems so very well worth living, so full of grand possibilities out on the Pacific slope.

Day after day the transcontinental express brings large numbers of tourists into the Terminal City, some of them bound for Chinese and Japanese ports, to which they sail from Vancouver by one of the Canadian Pacific Steamship Company's magnificent boats, commonly called "the Empresses"; others, anxious to take passage for Melbourne or Sydney, board the vessels of the Canadian-Australian Royal Mail Line; many *en route* to the Klondike and Northern points pass quickly through the town and are gone, whilst a goodly quota remain behind simply to spend a pleasant holiday in British Columbia.

Having seen all the glories of the Rocky Mountains, and feasted his eyes upon the spiral loveliness of the Selkirk Range, the Tourist arrives at the fine new Terminal station and establishes himself in one of the many local hotels such as the "Vancouver," the "Badminton," or the "Commercial." Then he naturally begins to look



VANCOUVER—ENGLISH BAY.

around him. First of all, he takes in the town with its smart up-to-dateness and cheerful air of bustle; next, perchance, he scrapes acquaintance with some returned Klondiker or owner of Atlin claims, and listens with breathless interest to marvellous accounts of the wonders that may be seen farther North, from the lips of that sanguine individual, with the result that he is fired by a fierce ambition to instantly extend his trip to Dawson City, *via* the Yukon & White Pass Railway, one of the grandest scenic routes in the world.

By and by, mayhap, he strikes a civic official, or that unrivalled encyclopedia, "the old resident," and is promptly whisked off to visit Stanley Park, Chinatown, or the Hastings Saw Mill and wind up with a turn along the docks, where tall-masted ships lie at anchor, and the steamers running to Skagway, San Francisco and the Puget Sound ports are tied up. These latter vessels offer to men of a roving disposition ample opportunity for making short excursions to places of interest north and south of British Columbia, and the round trip to Alaska on



PHOTO. BY THOMPSON, NEW WESTMINSTER.

A BRITISH COLUMBIA LOGGING CAMP.

board the *City of Seattle*, or a run down to the American coast towns, forms the basis of many a most enjoyable tour for those who like sea voyages; whilst as regards people going from Canada into the United States who prefer railroad travelling, the *Seattle & International Line* takes them comfortably across the border, and connects with the luxurious systems of the Northern Pacific and Great Northern Companies. Thus Vancouver, though essentially a Canadian Pacific Railway town, is also an important centre of general travel, from which steamship and railroad lines radiate to all points of the compass.

As an alluring spot to strangers, Stanley Park undoubtedly holds the first place in Vancouver's long list of attractions. It is a beautiful dense forest, traversed by trails cut deep into the tangle of underbrush and moss-hung tropical growth; and these paths, over-arched with huge Douglas firs, and bordered by an infinite variety of broad-leaved, succulent plants, open up to the lover of nature a world of surprises and delight. The flamboyant blossoms of the skunk cabbages, the glossy foliage of the sallals with their delicate pink flowers, and the star-eyed, scarlet-fruited pigeon-berries, all contribute vivid spots of colour to the soft-toned pictures of the woods. A perpetual background of ragged, grey, lichen-covered logs and dim green depths, smeared by bronzing shadows, soothes with ineffable sweetness human senses overstrained by the storm and stress of the world.

A big jump to the opposite end of the city lands the stranger in Chinatown, an evil-smelling, but curious jumble of shacks, shops, opium dens and restaurants, a tour of which leaves him a wiser but much-disgusted man.

Huh! the concentrated odours of those restaurants! There the Mongolian cooks offer you an assortment of chickens, geese and ducks, unplucked and uncleared, all boiled together in the same huge pot, and, by way of relish, long stringy sausages made of plain dog. One never can be quite sure about these things, but a

brew that resembles nothing so much as cockroach soup usually forms the *pièce-de-resistance* of the Chinese menu. Having fortified the inner man with such (fortunately) rare and revolting viands, topped off by a cup of straw-coloured tea, the Tourist may descend into an opium den, play a little game of fan-tan, climb up to the Yoss House, attend a weird performance at the Chinese theatre, or investigate the mysteries of the rice hand-mills and opium factories, as time and inclinations dictate. It is all horribly dirty, but there is, nevertheless, a piquancy in orientalism, however squalid, that survives disgust, and attracts even whilst it repels.

A lovely summer morning, and away the Tourist skims over the harbour in a sloop-rigged yacht with a merry party aboard, and a spanking breeze blowing straight up from the west. Whither shall it be? To Seymour Creek, where white-stemmed alders droop over the rippling waters, and grassy banks invite to idleness—to Cypress Creek, a gorge the nakedness of whose escarped sides is clothed by a clinging mantle of tender maiden-hair ferns and rich green arbutus saplings that spring out of the crevices in the rocks—or the Capilano Canyon, where vertical walls rise up three hundred feet from the bed of the brawling stream, and a rustic bungalow, set amongst pine trees, overhangs the precipice and forms an ideal halting-place. Close to any of these spots the snow-winged boat will carry the stranger, and a day passed picnicking under the blue and balmy sky is ever a day well spent.

If a longer expedition be desired, Sechelt, the North Arm or Howe Sound may be visited by steamer, and a glimpse of the wilder aspects of the coast thus obtained.

A trip to New Westminster over the Interurban Electric Tramway Line, and a few hours whiled away in this city, which was laid out in 1858 on the banks of the Fraser River by the Royal Engineers, forms another attractive excursion; especially interesting



THE SALMON FLEET—ONE OF THE MOST STRIKING SCENES ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

if the return journey to Vancouver is made by sea aboard a vessel calling in at the different canneries and passing through the fishing fleet when a big "salmon run" is on. Time should be taken to note the methods employed in the larger canneries, where the whole process may be watched, from the moment when the fish is first landed until it stands upon the table, canned and labelled, ready for exportation.

God's own celestial weather around us, and the only sound in nature the rustle of the breeze as it sways the pine-tops slowly to and fro beneath the glorious noon-tide! It is August, and in the logging camps every one is busy. Deep down the forest glades, the lumbermen seek for the finest timber, and blaze with an axe those trees that tower up straight as masts, thus singling them out for felling. Some think it strange to find

such a lonely camp safe buried in the woods within a few miles of a large city, and as the tourist looks around him he certainly sees but little that bespeaks civilization.

A shanty built of rough-hewn logs, warmly mudded-up, a band of glossy-coated horses to haul the sawn timber over the skid roads, the inevitable Chinese cook, and the very best of food, such are the chief adjuncts of a British Columbian logging place, as the guest who once partakes of its hospitality can testify. The process of



OAK BAY HOTEL, VICTORIA, B.C.

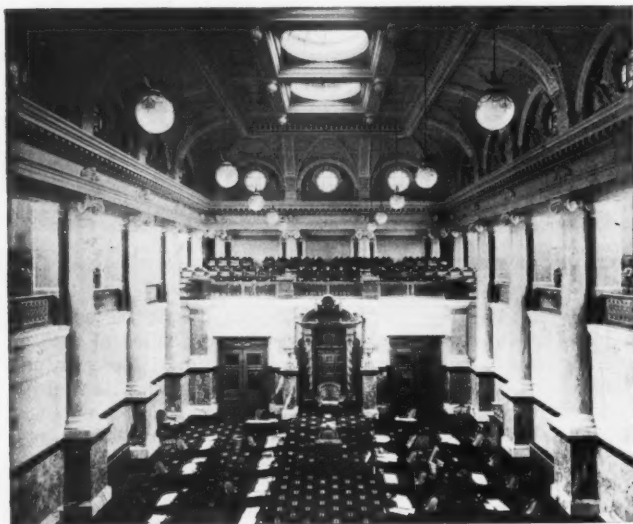
fellings one of the forest giants is an exciting thing to witness; for the men who stand on spring-boards, at either side of the huge bole, and cut it through with a two-handled saw, can foretell unerringly exactly where the trunk will fall, consequently it is perfectly safe to stand close to the doomed tree on the off-side and watch the whole operation. It does not seem so—to the tourist at least, not until he has once fairly taken his courage in both hands and tried the experiment.

Back again to Vancouver in the dusk

grouse, pheasants, deer, bear and cougars are all found between the Coast Range and the ocean. What can the heart of man desire more? He may go off with rod and creel, rifle and gun for one day or twenty, he may fish in the neighbourhood or shoot far afield. It matters not, the sport is alike excellent.

To traverse the Gulf of Georgia on board the steamer *Islander* is a charming trip, and at the end of it the Queen City of Victoria affords a variety of attractions that fairly rival those of

older and more established places. Picturesquely situated on a hill which slopes gently down to the ocean's brim, and surrounded by beautiful open country and cultivated fields, the town is particularly inviting to travellers. Across James Bay the Parliament Buildings stand out in all the majesty of their cold grey splendour, and many an hour may be pleasantly and pro-



VICTORIA—THE INTERIOR OF THE BRITISH COLUMBIA LEGISLATIVE CHAMBER.

of the deepening twilight. How brilliantly the harbour lights shine out over the waters of Burrard Inlet, as the sounds of the busy city run shivering across their rippled surface. Night descends, and lulled to rest by the pine-scented winds, that waft inland the song of the sea as it hushes the shore to sleep, the tourist dreams a golden dream of the West.

British Columbia is a paradise for sportsmen! The streams, both on the mainland and on Vancouver Island, abound with fish, while duck, snipe,

fitably spent roaming through the Legislative Chamber and committee rooms, the library and the various Government departments, or in studying the fine collection of stuffed animals, birds, fishes and Indian curios that fills the well-stocked Provincial Museum.

The coast cities, being essentially business towns, do not in themselves engage much attention from the ordinary stranger, unless he is interested in manufactories, shipping or some special branch of trade; therefore it is un-

necessary to dilate in this connection upon the general aspect of the handsome "blocks," warehouses, shops and public buildings that adorn Vancouver, Victoria or New Westminster. The tourist usually finds his chief attractions outside of such limitations.

For example, at Oak Bay, beyond the treadmill of the typical sight-seer, the Golf Links are superb—large undulating meadows hemmed in by the sea, and possessing precisely those qualifications which render them well-nigh perfect in the eyes of all players of the good old Scottish national game. Then there are the country roads that intersect the fertile farm lands, where one may ride, drive or wheel for miles between hedge-rows bright with wild flowers, and where the scent of the dog-roses is sweet upon the June air. Or again, there is the ocean, trimmed by a fringe of wave-worn rocks, and upon whose palpitating bosom the dull green masses of kelp with their long brown ribband-streamers heave softly up and down. There the tourist can row in an open boat, or else he can paddle a canoe up the gorge, below whose waters deep purpling shadows lie hid, whilst overhead, above the changes and chances of the clouds, the blue sky is stretched from horizon to horizon. In the environs of Victoria, whichever way you turn, an exquisite landscape or seascape meets your eye.

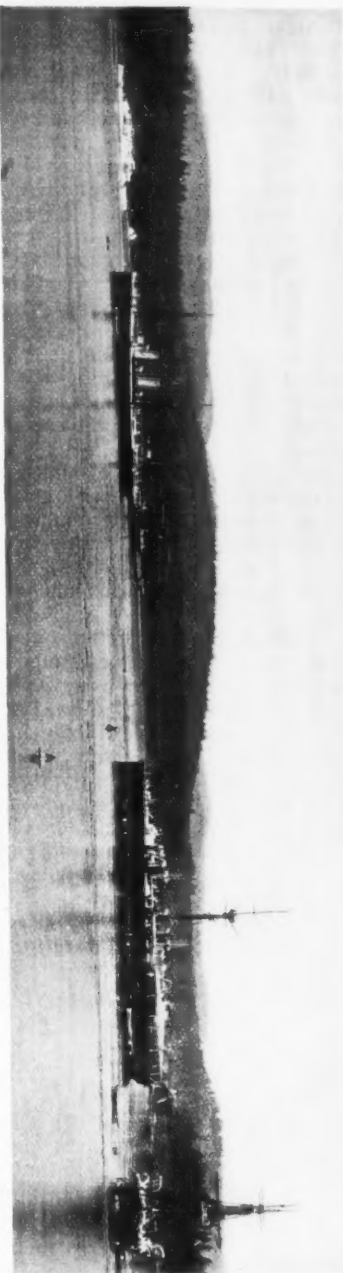
Of course, the Queen City has its Chinatown, its park, and its share of good hotels, just like Vancouver, and there is no more delightful abiding place in all British Columbia than the "Oak Bay," an hotel that stands facing the sea, midway between the town and the Golf Links.

A run down by tram-car to the Naval Station at Esquimalt, combined with visits to Her Majesty's ships in port, forms a charming way of spending a summer afternoon, added to which an expedition to the Barracks and the fortifications at Macaulay Point is most enjoyable.

Every one bicycles in Victoria, and excursions awheel are largely the order of the day. Innumerable spots, such

PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYNARD.

BRITISH WARSHIPS IN ESQUIMALT HARBOR.



as Cedar Hill, Goldstream or Otter Point offer every inducement to picnickers; therefore, from the time when the first tender shoots of spring appear, until autumn lies brooding over the land, enwrapping all nature in her russet cloak, merry parties may be met daily bound for some outlying district with hearts aflutter and spirits gay.

An immense amount of shipping is done in Victoria, and the trips that can be made thence by boat, and the expeditions that may be undertaken up the Island by those in search of pleasure and sport are countless. A journey to Nanaimo over the Esquimalt & Nanaimo Railway Line is also a capital means of seeing the country, and some very large coal mines at the end of the journey.

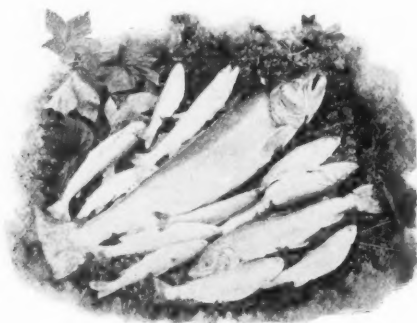
Nor is there any lack of amusement for the evenings, as dramatic performances, concerts, and entertainments of various kinds are constantly in progress in all the coast cities, each of which boasts of theatres and music halls.

To the artist the picturesque elements met with at the western edge of Canadian soil carry an irresistible appeal. The diversity of form, the riot of colour, and the force of individuality are all there, whilst a cosmopolitan flavour gives to the whole a daring dash of contrast. On the Siwash Indian

Reserves, in the Chinese quarters, and along the waterfronts dwell types that are each a study in itself. When the sun comes climbing up over the snow-capped crests of the mountains, and you see the land touched with the witchery of a summer's day—what a picture is that! Or the reverse—the austere and treeless cliffs, stern bastions of rock upraised against an oxydized-silver sky, some log huts crouching between half-burned trees at the edge of an angry sea, and in the foreground a few spent blooms that bow their heads in grief as the chill wind moans a requiem over the dead day.

Life is so full of enjoyment during the summer on the Pacific Coast, that it is difficult to discriminate and decide exactly what constitutes the real charm of existence in that glamorous Western Land.

Is it sport? There is plenty. Is it sight-seeing? An unlimited choice awaits the stranger. Is it cycling, driving, riding, boating or mountaineering? Each one is indulged in. Is it tennis, golf, croquet or cricket? All are played. Is it scenery? British Columbia is full of Nature's most magnificent handiwork. Ah! well, who shall say? We of the West are content. Let the Tourist answer.



A MORNING CATCH FROM A MOUNTAIN STREAM.



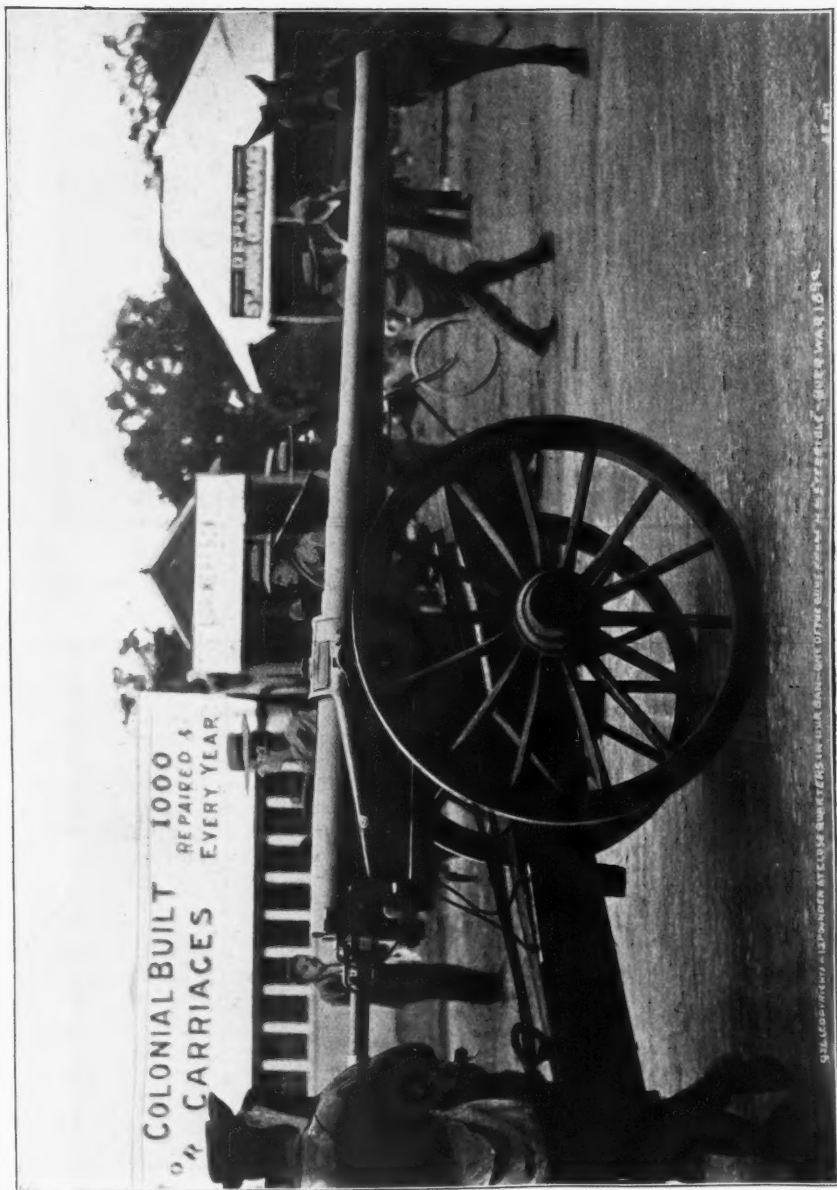
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

MILITARY PICTURE SERIES NO. 22—A TRAINLOAD OF WAGGONS FOR THE FRONT. A FAMILIAR SCENE IN CAPETOWN AND DURBAN.



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

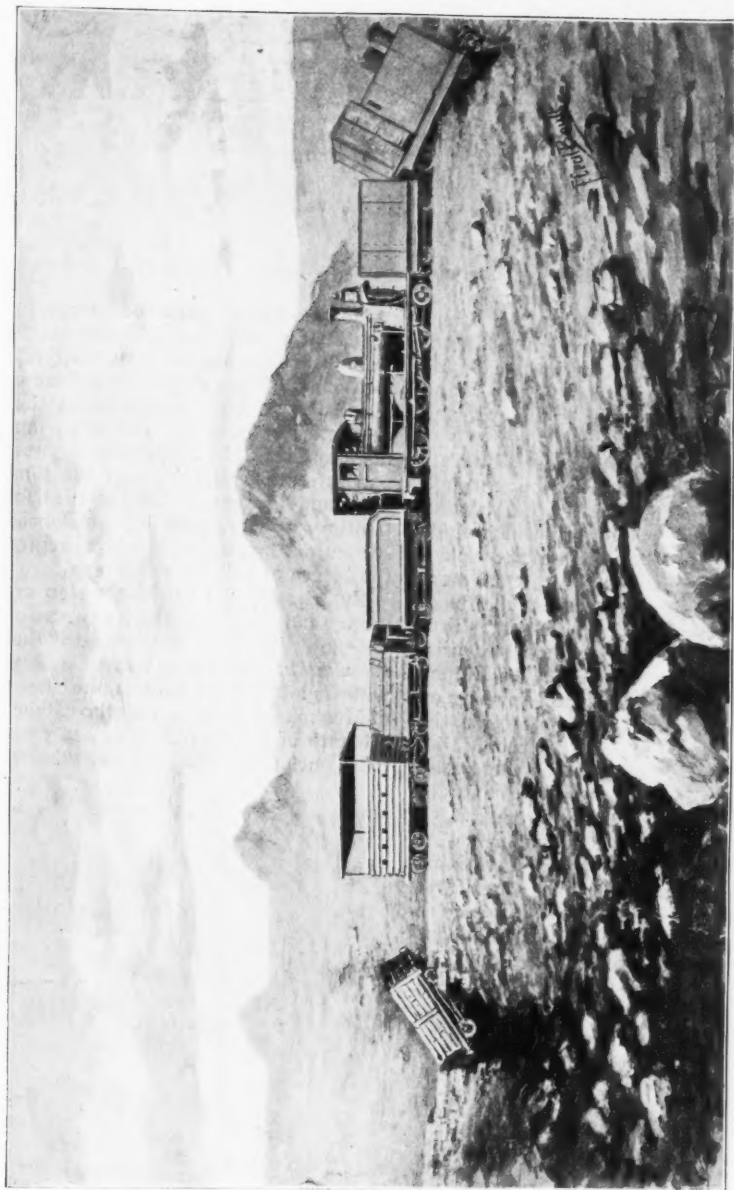
MILITARY PICTURE SERIES NO. 23—THE STOEP OR VERANDAH OF 22 CAMP ST., CAPETOWN, THE RESIDENCE OF HON. J. H. HOFMEYER, PRESIDENT OF THE AFRIKANDER BOND. A SPOT WHERE IMPORTANT MEETINGS HAVE BEEN HELD.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT DURBAN.

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MILITARY PICTURE SERIES NO. 24—A NAVAL 12-POUNDER. NOTE THE LENGTH OF THE GUN AND THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE



DRAWN BY F. CECIL BOLT.

MILITARY PICTURE SERIES NO. 24—A WRECKED ARMoured TRAIN. FROM A SKETCH BY AN ARTIST WITH GENERAL RULLER'S ARMY.

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The GEORGIAN BAY ARCHIPELAGO

By W. R. Bradshaw.

ONE of the rarest pleasures of a holiday-outing is to abandon one's-self to primeval nature, to the splendour of lakes embosomed in surrounding hills, or to the labyrinthine mazes of an archipelago, where every island presents a new picture to the eye, and fresh food for contemplation.

It would be impossible to duplicate the opportunities for a tour through wild scenery afforded by that part of the Highlands of Ontario which abuts on Georgian Bay. Here the splendours of the aboriginal forest are more than equalled by the endless charms of a belt of lake studded with some thirty thousand islands, stretching from Christian Island, on the south, to French River, the outlet of Lake Nipissing on the north, and beyond through the North Channel to the Sault Ste. Marie.

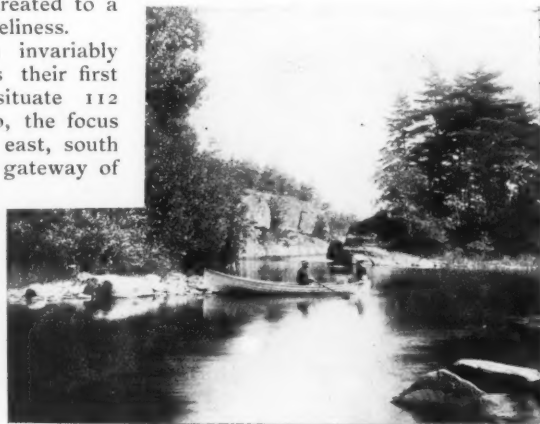
I do not over-state the fact when I say, that in these splendid solitudes the lover of nature is treated to a Barmecide feast of wild loveliness.

Visitors to this region invariably make the Muskoka lakes their first destination. These are situate 112 miles due north of Toronto, the focus of tourist travel from the east, south and west, and the natural gateway of the Ontario Highlands. From Toronto to Muskoka wharf is a journey of only a few hours by the Grand Trunk Railway. Here the tourist is introduced to a trinity of lakes, Lake Muskoka, Lake Rosseau and Lake Joseph, whose enchantments allure thousands of tourists every succeeding season

from within a radius of a thousand miles.

He who has once felt the extraordinary charm of these glorious lakes will ever remain a slave to their fascinations. The virgin splendour of islands, bays and promontaries that characterize these lakes of most fantastic outline; the brightness, dryness and extreme healthfulness of the climate; and the unequalled facilities for hunting, fishing, camping and social recreation, make the Muskoka region the Mecca of holiday wanderers.

But the joys of the lake region are more than duplicated by an excursion to the wilderness beyond, to that *ultima thule* known as Georgian Bay, with its labyrinth of islands, the climax of Muskoka's charms. He who catches a breath of the fragrance wafted from these enchanted isles will know better



A NORTHERN ONTARIO RIVER.

than language can teach the poetic meaning of the legend of the Hesperides.

One route to Georgian Bay is by way of Port Cockburn, at the head of Lake Joseph. A stage carries passengers to Maple Lake, on the Canada Atlantic Railway which runs to Parry Sound. The tourist in search of the picturesque had better walk thither, or rather walk to Rankin's Station, in a north-westerly direction, a distance of ten miles, to obtain an intimate impression of the beauty of the Canadian forest.

The road leads through a densely wooded region, extending to infinite distance on the north and east, a forest of pine, hemlock, spruce, balsam, cedar, maple, oak, birch, juniper and tamarack.

Ah! what glorious breaths of air one inhales in these resinous solitudes! There is potency in every inspiration. The infinite white sunlight touches every tree with its beauty, and even the dull road becomes an Elysian pathway, leading to unknown enchantments beyond.

The fundamental rock hereabouts is a disorganized upheaval of what geologists believe was the first sedimentary deposit from the primary granite in primordial seas. It is a gneissoid



AN IDEAL SPOT FOR TROUT.

rock with many stratifications. Here and there vast, smooth protuberances appear, surrounded with a jungle of ferns, mosses, grasses and blackberry bushes, in which lie the half-buried, decaying trunks of trees, that have been blown down by the wind. The trees had grown too big for the pocket of earth they stood rooted in, to adequately minister to their needs.

Elsewhere are seen giant trunks of



MUSKOKA WHARF STATION.

pine that have been almost wholly consumed by fire. Here charred remains of what were at one time monarchs of the forest, either lie prostrate, or stand erect in blasted majesty on the naked rock, supported by the still spreading remnants of giant roots, but how deformed, how ghastly in the life-giving sunshine and the luminous green of the surrounding forest!

Such evidences of the scourge of forest-fires are seen everywhere, the yearly destruction of valuable timber being something enormous. The fire seems to have raged in spots, and has spared some of the best growth as well as that of inferior value, but where it has swept the forest the hoary giant, two hundred feet in height, is as helpless as the smallest sapling.

The Ontario Government sells "timber rights" to lumbermen to cut all timber over ten inches in diameter, and gangs of men have penetrated the forest everywhere, felling trees for lumber. The forest in consequence has lost much of its beauty, but after being denuded of the larger trees, a new growth of pine springs from the soil, that is very picturesque.

The configuration of the land as one proceeds north-west is a succession of hilly ridges alternating with deep valleys. Descending the valleys, distant lakes are observed, notably Trout Lake, Whitefish Lake and Horseshoe Lake on the right, and Clear Lake on the left. The blue waters of these lakes fill the cup-like depressions of the landscape with a poetic charm. The silence is profound, only the whisperings of the pines at times make a murmur like the washings of far-off seas. The islands that rise from the bosom of the lakes stand in lonely solemnity, thickly covered with pines, and the all-surrounding shores are shaggy with interminable forests.

Ascending the hilly ridges of the landscape, the aspect of the forest, stretching away on either hand until lost upon the crests of distant hills, is one of singular serenity and majesty. The sunlight illumines the splendid amphitheatres of foliage, which sparkle

continuously with scintillations of white sun fire. The air, streaming from the north; from the endless forests of the Hudson Bay region, from the frozen tundras of Arctic lands, but warmed to a degree on its journey hither, is gloriously cool and bracing. The climate is assuredly one that could transform a vast crowd of dyspeptics, hypochondriacs, pessimists and nerve-racked, drug-racked humanity, into a race of happy beings, forgetful of their miseries. It is indeed the elixir of life.

Parry Sound is an enterprising town, located on a magnificent harbour with Parry Island forming the southern boundary. The scene is delightful. The site of the town at the mouth of the Sequin River is an ideal one, being located on an amphitheatre having a southern exposure. Far to the north-west and to the south lies the grand archipelago of Georgian Bay, whose wide waters stretch westward where one may travel hundreds of miles without touching the shore in any direction.

Since the opening of the railway to Ottawa, Parry Sound has become the focus of a vast trade in grain and other western products, and this fact, together with the extensive local mining industry, makes it a place of prospective importance.

Parry Sound is the central rendezvous for tourist travel in Georgian Bay. One may proceed north and explore a virgin archipelago of islands of every conceivable form and dimensions, the largest, Manitoulin Island, being as big as Long Island and ten times more picturesque, with the advantages of aboriginal inhabitants and teeming preserves of game and fish.

The journey south to Penetang in the ancient home of the Hurons is the more popular excursion at present, although the Northern Navigation Company of Ontario runs steamers north to the Magnetawan and French Rivers, and thence westward through the endless panorama of islands that engorges the North Channel, to far Sault Ste. Marie, and the more remote Mackinac Island, that guards the entrance to Lake Michigan.



STEAMER ON LAKE MUSKOKA.

A glorious excursion truly! The imagination cannot conceive the splendour of nature in their sublime solitudes when the summer's sun calls into new life the tremendous vegetation that covers every island with its beauty, and permits a romantic dalliance with every unknown shore. How rare the pleasure to discover every day a new *terra incognita*, as full, at this hour, of pristine beauty and wildness as when the Jesuit missionaries urged their canoes through the mazes of the islands southwards on their mission to the Hurons, two hundred and fifty years ago.

Let us follow in the track of the missionaries by embarking at 6 o'clock on a glorious summer morning, on the steamer leaving Parry Sound. The gate of the archipelago leading south is of itself of unequalled beauty. Parry Island lies on the right, and the mainland on the left, and between and beyond there is a labyrinth of islands, serene and splendid, which it is the delight of the traveller to explore.

The brightness of the sun gives promise of a glorious day, and as we enter the Ten Mile Narrows the rapture of the

moment is profound. The vessel proudly sweeps between the hushed and splendid walls of vegetation that rise from islands on either hand, and, discovering still narrower passages, we move as in a dream through straits of blessedness, where the clear water is gemmed with lilies; where the clean-washed rocky shores enclose little sandy bays; where the hushed pines stand happy in the sunlight breathing the wonderfully pure and quiet air.

It is a strange thing that so much wild beauty lies so near the haunts of man, that a region of romance, practically ten thousand miles away, can be reached from a busy Canadian town in fifteen minutes! Yet



ROUND ISLAND—GEORGIAN BAY ARCHIPELAGO.

we do not expect to see here any indications of humanity, so ideal are the conditions. One rather expects to see a nymph dividing the clear wave, or a centaur, or even Pan himself, haunting the forest solitudes.

As we progress, little interior bays are discovered in the islands, that still preserve the silence and mystery that brooded over them since the dawn of creation. It is a most precious thing to be able to gaze upon these sacred haunts—to be the first, as it were, to disturb their virgin solitude, to taste the nectar of their ideal beauty.

But to merely pass through the

foliage of forest crowned islands made splendid with the summer light and heat, of sloping rock and precipice rising from clear depths of water, of the cool streaming air laden with the aromatic breath of pine and balsam, will here find such an ecstatic environment.

Sans Souci, like the other islands, is a cyclopean mass of highly convoluted rock, rising in irregular terraces to a height of a hundred feet. The shore line is delightfully irregular, in fact ideally so. Several deep bays, or diminutive fiords, penetrate into the very heart of the island forming idyllic retreats, chambers of supreme loveli-



IN THE GEORGIAN BAY ARCHIPELAGO.

islands on the steamer does not give the tourist an impression of the one-thousandth part of their beauty. Happily the steamship company has erected a hotel on one of the most picturesque islands, known as Sans Souci, which contains over 300 acres of well-wooded bays and promontories. Sans Souci Hotel, with its subordinate cottages, are the only buildings on the island, and the outlook on all sides is a virgin landscape only disturbed by the daily call of the steamer.

Those who love the companionship of flashing crystal seas, of the swaying

ness, sanctuaries where one may pass entrancing hours.

The sparse soil produces park-like woodlands, where clumps of trees alternate with open sunny spaces. Nowhere is the timber too close for free locomotion in any direction. Soft beds of green moss carpet, the odorous groves, and fern and bracken make a delightful jungle that invites repose.

Such are the joys of Sans Souci. In these splendid solitudes where the only sounds are the murmur of the water and the Æolian sighing of the forests, one wonders at the absence of

mankind and only half believes the solitude is complete. Where is that harassed crowd of humanity that so longs to be at rest? Man, in the aggregate, is a creature of habit. He is so chained to his money-getting employments that he knows nothing of such joys as these.

An excursion from Sans Souci to the Moon River, a distance of fifteen miles, gives a fine idea of the beauty of the grand archipelago. To enjoy such a journey to its utmost, a seat in a cushioned stern of a rowboat towed by the steam launch, by a rather long cable, affords an intimate and impres-

bayou is discovered a rocky inlet gloriously apparelled with the fragrant plumes of cedar. Here is a larger island whose deep ravines are engorged with vegetation that proudly climbs the acclivities, a haunt of beauty, that "wastes to sweetness on the desert air."

The vessel flies past rounded shaggy capes and fair and sunny declivities, covered with sparse greenery, where one might erect a home and live happily aloof from the world.

Secret passages that wind about the thicknesses of cyclopean rocks open to receive the steamer and her trail of



NEAR HUNTSVILLE—LAKE OF BAYS DISTRICT.

sive view of the scenery. From such a seat, as one glides over the swelling undulations of clear deep water, spotted with bubbles of foam, the vast panorama unfolds itself. The boat at times crosses wide gleaming sea-like expanses of water surrounded by a distant amphitheatre of islands and again glides through secret channels between precipitous walls of rock, or of dense vegetation.

The openings between the islands reveal profound reaches of water with still other islands beyond. In a deep

cedar boats, the mirror-like serenity of the water being rudely disturbed by the aqueous calvacade. The water is starred in places with floating water-lilies, which are moored to the bottom by the long sinuous stems. To thus float, as in a dream, with the objective faculties lulled to repose and the subjective entity roused to enthusiasm, one recalls passages from the poet's description of such scenes as these. There is a passage in Tennyson's poem entitled "Timbuctoo" which fitly describes the environment.



STEAMER "CITY OF TORONTO," ENTERING A GEORGIAN BAY CHANNEL.

"Where are ye,
Thrones of the western wave, fair islands
green
Where are your moonlight halls, your cedars'
glooms,
The blossoming abysses of your hills?
Your flowering capes and your gold-sanded
bays,
Blown round with happy airs of odorous
winds?
Where are the infinite ways, which, Seraph
trod,
Wound through your great Elysian solitudes,
Whose lowest depths were, as with visible
love,
Filled with divine effulgence, circumfused
Flowing between the clear and polished stems
And ever circling round their emerald cones
In coronals and glories, such as gird
The unfading foreheads of the saints in
heaven?"

For nothing visible they say had birth
In that blest ground, but it was played about
With its peculiar glory."

Here indeed is the ideal land of the
poet visible in all its bright reality.

As one rushes over the surging
flood each island seems to spin upon its
axis, slowly revolving until it passes
away.

Some of the islands are owned by
clubs and individuals, but not one in a
hundred has ever yet been surveyed.
A club from Cleveland, Ohio, owns
Qui Vive Island, opposite which is
Waubano Island. Sadie Island is re-
markable for a natural formation of
rock known as Collingwood Rock.

Bentymon Island is a jungle
of bosky vegetation.

Other islands in this sec-
tion of the archipelago are,
Wahsonne Island, Fryng-
pan Island, Copperhead Is-
land, Assinniboia Island and
the three romantic retreats
Hafuz, Saadi and Firdusi
Islands. The Provincial
Government of Ontario sells
islands to all comers at the
fixed price of five dollars
per acre, the expense of sur-
veying being also paid by
the purchaser.

The Moon River is a
most romantic stream and



BLACKSTONE CHANNEL IN GEORGIAN BAY ARCHIPELAGO.

is the outlet of the Muskoka Lakes. The estuary is three miles wide and is usually filled with a boom of logs awaiting transportation. Three miles inland are the Moon River Falls, a torrential cascade dashing down a chute in the rocks, with a fall of over fifty feet.

The islands of this remarkable region are the boldest and finest of all the inland waters of the American continent. Those of Lake George are small but very enchanting. Those of the Lake of the Thousand Islands are of greater dimensions and of more varied configuration. The islands of the Muskoka Lakes are still bolder and more picturesque, but those of Georgian Bay are the grandest of all and possess every

fascinating feature of island scenery in their most impressive moods.

From Sans Souci to Penetang the journey is delightful. Islands swarm upon the water, creating an endless variety of vistas. There are islands that seem smitten with the calm of an eternal morning and there are others shaggy with the forest growth of ages, that seem like a thunderous roll of smoke blown far out to sea.

The vessel at times emerges from the islands and sails on the broad ocean-like expansion of Georgian Bay. In the west there is no land visible, nothing but a vast horizon of opaline water, the fit environment of the Canadian Hesperides.

CANADIAN CAMPING SONG.

A WHITE tent pitched by a glassy lake,
Well under a shady tree,
Or by rippling rills from the grand old hills,
Is the summer home for me.
I fear no blaze of the noontide rays
For the woodland glades are mine,
The fragrant air, and that perfume rare—
The odour of forest pine

A cooling plunge at the break of day,
A paddle, a row or sail;
With always a fish for a midday dish,
And plenty of Adam's ale;
With rod or gun, or in hammock swung,
We glide through the pleasant days;
When darkness falls on our canvas walls,
We kindle the camp-fire's blaze.

From out of the gloom sails the silv'ry moon,
O'er forests dark and still;
Now far, now near, ever sad and clear,
Comes the plaint of whip-poor-will;
With song and laugh, and with kindly chaff,
We startle the birds above;
Then rest tired heads on our cedar beds,
And dream of the ones we love.

—Hon. James D. Edgar.



TOURIST ATTRACTIONS in ONTARIO

By William B. Varley

"ONTARIO"—a pleasant prospect of lakes and woodland, which the word in the Indian language implies—is aptly named. The instinct that makes the beauty of the lake, the sky, and the maple and pine grove thrill almost every human heart, was surely strong within the breast of that first red-man as, from some commanding headland, with shaded eye he gazed across the undulating landscape and pronounced its poetical name—"Ontario." As it doubtless was then, the name is graphically descriptive to-day of this fair Province. But now the dense growth of forest in the southern section has to a great extent given place to the well-tilled field on the rolling upland, the rank, rich pasture of the river bottom, to the blossoming peach and apple orchards and the vine-clad slopes, all giving promise of bounteous harvest.

A land of lakes and rivers is this Ontario—rivers that have their source

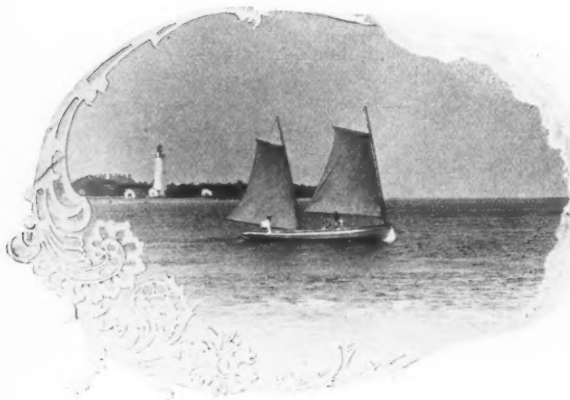
in the cool, northern forest, and flow, now swift, now peaceful, till they join those vast inland seas, Superior, Huron, Erie, Ontario, whose waters are in turn borne by the broad St. Lawrence to the ocean.

Of beauty and variety of scene, Ontario has much to entice the footsteps of the traveller; while the qualities of its pure northern air, make its climate invigorating and delightful.

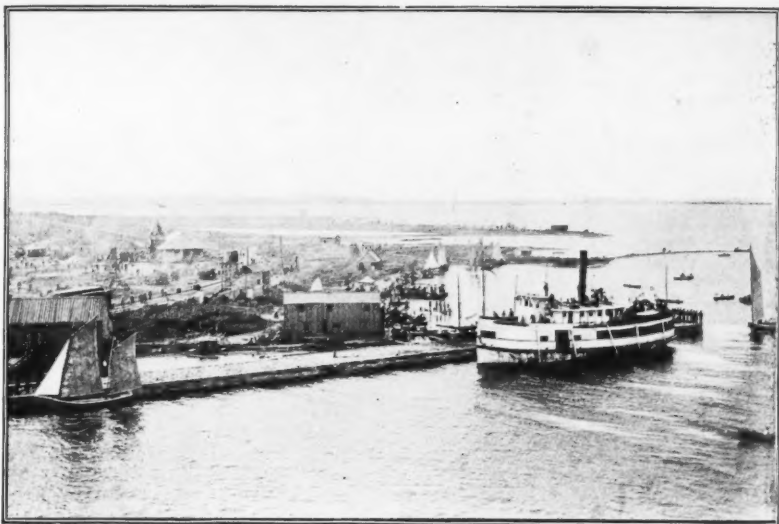
The tourist starts as a rule with Niagara Falls, partly because of its celebrated beauties, and also because usually it lies directly in the path of travel. After viewing this attraction and the magnificent Niagara River, his course will probably be across Lake Ontario, a distance of 45 miles, to the city of Toronto, the Provincial capital. Toronto is a convenient centre, for from thence he may proceed East, West or North, as inclination directs.

The eastern route is preferably by boat along the north shore of Lake Ontario, past Port Hope, Trenton, Belleville, Picton, and Kingston, all pleasant summer resorts, to the River St. Lawrence. Here the famous archipelago

of the "Thousand Islands" is entered. For fifty miles the vessel picks its way among these charming islands, while the beholder thinks as every new water stretch is entered and a fresh vista opened to the view, that each is more beautiful than the last. That this is a famous summering place is at once apparent



A START ON LAKE HURON.



THE HARBOUR OF ERIEAU ON RONDEAU BAY, LAKE ERIE.

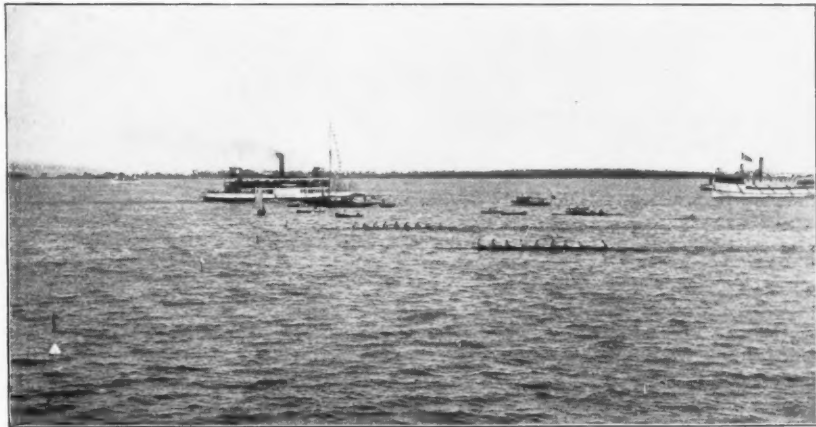
from the homes that have been built either among the pine trees, or perched on rocky buffs, or half hidden in the beautiful bays.

Soon after passing the town of Brockville, the vessel enters the first of a long series of rapids. The passage by steamship through the churning, foaming breakers is certainly a most novel experience; but there is little danger under the guidance of the

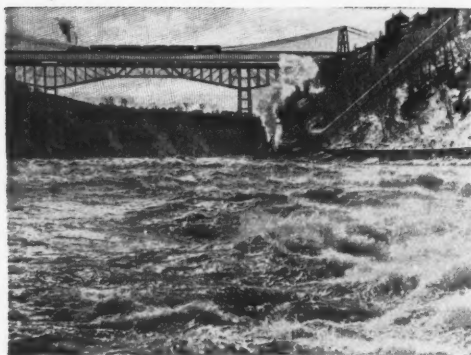
competent pilot. The last of the series of rapids is the far-famed Lachine, which is the finest of all.

After the passage of the rapids is made, the city of Montreal is soon reached, which at the present time is the head of ocean navigation.

From Lachine, a pleasant trip may be made up the Ottawa River, which forms the boundary between Ontario and Quebec, to the city of Ottawa.



ROWING REGATTA—TORONTO BAY.



NIAGARA FALLS—THE WHIRLPOOL RAPIDS.

It is to St. Anne, just above the Lachine rapids, that Moore refers in his beautiful "Canadian Boat Song:"

"Faintly as tolls the evening
chime
Our voices keep tune and our
oars keep time.
Soon as the woods on shore
look dim,
We'll sing at St. Anne's our
parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row, the
stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the
daylight's past."

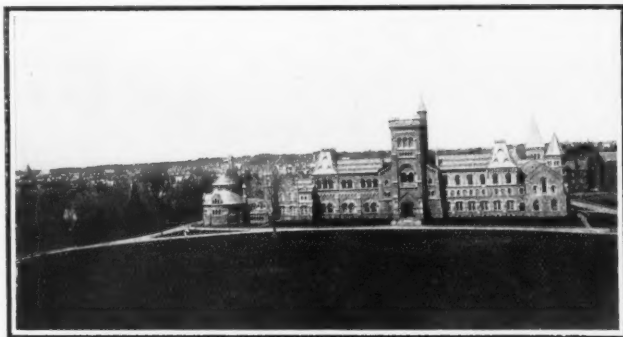
The Ottawa is a majestic stream, one of the most beautiful of the Dominion, and the sail is truly delightful. Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion, is a



NIAGARA FALLS—AMERICAN FALLS VIEWED FROM THE CANADIAN SIDE.

most attractive point. The magnificent Government buildings situated upon a high bluff overlooking the river, the Chaudiere Falls, the immense lumber business, are all extremely interesting features, and make a day spent rambling about the capital a very pleasing experience.

Nowhere in Ontario will there be found scenery more imposing than that of the Upper Ottawa River Broad

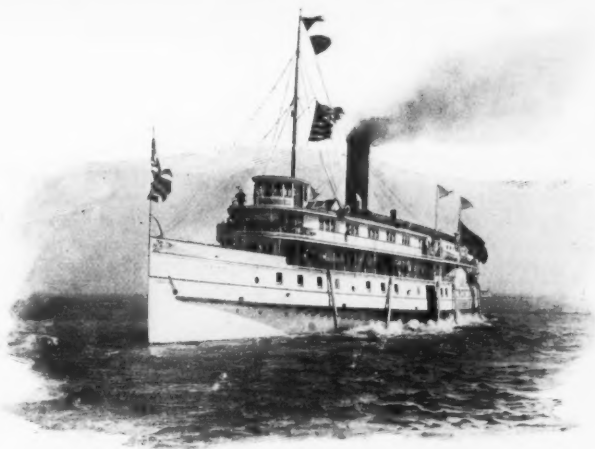


MAIN BUILDING AND LAWN, UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

and deep are its waters, fierce and strong its rapids, many and beautiful its islands, while its banks, high, precipitous and tree-covered, vie at times with those of the famous Saguenay. This river forms a drainage basin for thousands of miles of virgin forest, and it seems to carry with it much of the power and grandeur of the

great lone Northland where it has its source. The Ottawa is one of the great water highways of the lumbering industry, and many a sturdy monarch of the

forest is borne by it each year within the reach of civilization. Here the typical French-Canadian lumbermen will be met with, voyaging in their flat-



THE TORONTO: ONE OF THE R. & O. BOATS RUNNING ON LAKE ONTARIO AND THE ST. LAWRENCE BETWEEN TORONTO AND MONTREAL.



CANOEING AMONG THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

bottomed river boats, breaking up the log-jams, or running the rapids. Cheery, devil-may-care fellows, who sing or shout as they work in their quaint French dialect—their presence



CHARACTERISTIC SCENE AMONG THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.



always adds interest to the scene.

By taking the train from Ottawa to Pembroke and thence up the river by steamboat, the tourist will be made acquainted with what is perhaps the most attractive section of the whole river, and cannot fail to be well repaid. Should he desire to continue further, the river may be followed northward to Lake Temiskaming, a distance of some 230 miles above Ottawa, sometimes by boat but often by rail close to the river bank or on its very margin. If he has the explorer's instinct and wishes to see the forest as it looked when only the red man held sway, he should take a canoe, an Indian guide and camping outfit from Lake Temiskaming, and follow one of the rivers that are tributary to the Ottawa till he reaches Lake Temagaming. There he will find himself in a land where neither the settler nor the lumberman has penetrated. Its woods are the home of the moose, the deer and the bear, and its waters still sacred to the trout and the bass.

Returning from the city of Ottawa, there is no plesanter trip than through the Rideau chain of lakes to Kingston on Lake Ontario. These lakes are favorite resorts for fishermen, and for canoeing and camping parties.



THE STEAMER "ISLANDER" ENTERING THE LOST CHANNEL IN THOUSAND ISLANDS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

The attractions of Northern Ontario are unequalled for those who desire to spend the summer months on the lakes or in the woods, under canvas by the camp fire, or in summer cottage or hotel. For the weary, over-worked toiler of the city, the healing sunshine and fresh air of this region will work wonders. Here is Ontario's fairyland—a land of thousands of lakes and streams and myriads of islands—beautiful at the earliest touch of spring, when the waters are still cold with the icy coldness of winter, and the strong, graceful trout makes mighty leaps in the fierce rapid; beautiful in the soft, warm summer days, when one succumbs to the sweetness of doing nothing; but most beautiful in the quiet, sad days of autumn, when the leaves drop reluctantly from the trees, and no sound mars the stillness of lake and hill but the crash of the deer as he breaks through the undergrowth. The song of the wind in the trees, the odour of the pines, the lap, lap of the wave on the rocky shore, the rhythmic beat of the paddle, are as the voice of the siren, and compel one irresistibly to return to Ontario's Northland with each succeeding summer.

The best known and most frequented resort of the North is the Muskoka Lake region, which lies about one hundred miles directly north of Toronto. This beautiful district has an altitude of several hundred feet above the level of the Great Lakes, and its climate is therefore particularly invigorating. Lakes Muskoka and Joseph, the largest in the vicinity, are filled with islands and indented with bays and promontories. Summer cottages, camps, and hotels are very numerous, and the fine scenery, pleasant society, excellent boating, bathing, and fishing, make it an ideal spot for those who desire the benefits of an unconventional outdoor life during the hot months of summer.

Another much frequented resort, very similar to Muskoka in its characteristics, is to be found at Stony Lake, a little north of Peterborough. It forms one of a series of lakes seventy miles in length, known as the Kawartha Lake region. These waters are celebrated for their fishing, and form an excellent route for a canoe trip.

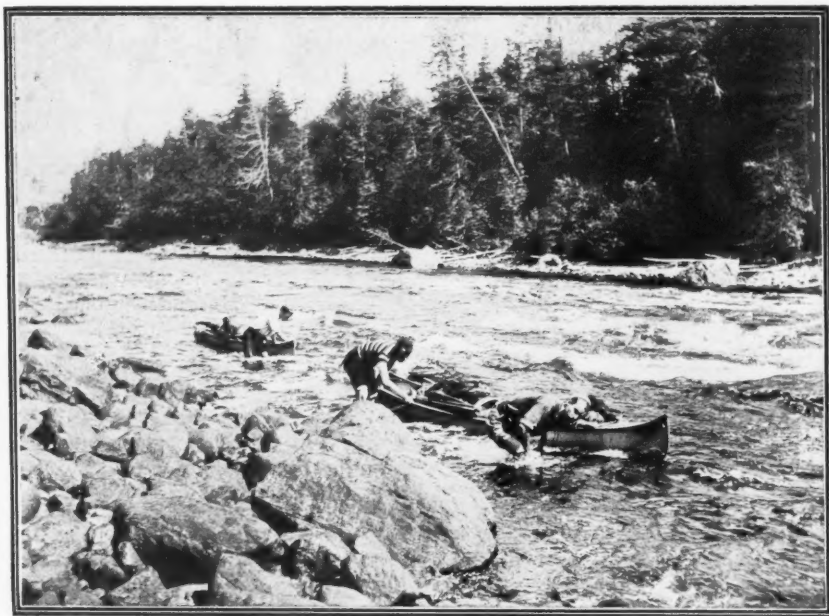
One of the most beautiful trips by boat that Northern Ontario can offer to the tourist is through the islands of the Georgian Bay. In general char-

acter they resemble those of the St. Lawrence River and the Muskoka Lakes, but instead of one thousand islands there are thirty thousand.

The Upper Lakes are well furnished with steamboat lines and the tourist may embark either at Owen Sound or at Windsor. The route lies through Lake Huron, past Great Manitoulin and other islands to St. Mary's river, by which the overflow from Lake Superior is conducted into the Lower Lakes. At the rapids, which occur at this point,

resorts. Running the Ste. Marie rapids in an Indian canoe is an exciting adventure, indulged in by visitors.

Leaving Sault Ste. Marie for Fort William, the steamships take their course directly across the widest part of Lake Superior—which is far more like the sea than a fresh water lake—and in less than twenty hours come within sight of the rocky bluff of Isle Royale and the tremendous purple promontory of Thunder Cape—"The Giant Asleep." This turreted head-



ASCENDING A RAPID ON THE MONTREAL RIVER, NORTHERN ONTARIO.

named Sault Ste. Marie by the French voyageurs almost three centuries ago, magnificent locks have been constructed on both the Canadian and American sides, by means of which steamers are lifted to the level of Lake Superior. The towns of Sault Ste. Marie, on both sides of the river, have grown up at this point, where three great railways now converge, and they are rapidly becoming important commercial centres and popular summer

land shelters the large indentation of Thunder Bay and affords a grand harbour which has been taken advantage of to form the principal ports upon the north shore of the lake—Port Arthur and Fort William. Here the tourist will find good hotel accommodation, and if he cares to stop over, he can go by rail to Nipigon river, 65 miles east, to which celebrated resort for trout fishermen this lake tour forms an excellent means of access.

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES.

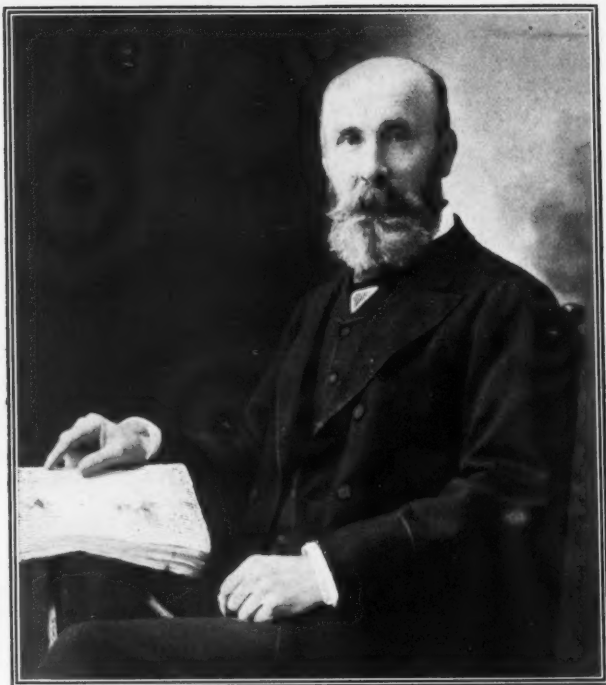
No. XIII.—MR. JAMES BAIN, JR.

IN the making of a library there are three necessary factors: a collection of books, a librarian, and it is convenient to have a building. The value and permanence of the institution will depend, in large measure, upon the quality of the librarian. No one who frequents a library, either for the borrowing or the consulting of books, doubts this. It is unnecessary, if it were allowable, to enter into a dissertation upon libraries. Canadians are familiar with the subject from personal experience. We have many of these institutions in the land, and statistics indicate that they are well patronized.

Of free public libraries in Canada the most valuable and extensive is that at Toronto, and its chief librarian, Mr. James Bain, Jr., after seventeen years of incessant and unselfish labour in his present position, possesses a career and a personality that amply entitle him to a place in any list of Canadian notabilities. Mr. Bain (I learn from "Morgan") was born in London, England, in 1842, of Scotch parents. He came to Canada early in life, and was educated in Toronto. If in those days the idea of a free library, with Mr. Bain as its future librarian, had occurred to any one, he would have been put in the way of receiving exactly the kind of training that fell to his lot. After being educated in the best schools of the city, he began a practical knowledge of books under his father, an experienced bookseller. Later on he entered the publishing and book firm of Jas. Campbell & Son, and was sent to England as buyer for the house. He conducted a branch establishment for this firm in London for several years, and in 1878 entered into partnership with Nimmo, the London publisher, the firm being Nimmo & Bain. It was on the dissolution of this firm in 1882 that Mr. Bain returned to Canada, and in the follow-

ing year, on the foundation of the Toronto Public Library, he was appointed its first librarian. I have been particular in mentioning these details, because a mere recital of the facts defines so well the nature of the training he has received in the buying, selling and publishing of books. In short, Mr. Bain is a typical bookman. He has passed practically his whole life among books, and being an omnivorous and industrious reader his knowledge is wide, accurate and thorough. As the adviser and chief official of the board of citizens who are entrusted by the taxpayers with the executive control of the library, Mr. Bain's services to the public must have been of great value. The population of Toronto is partly industrial, partly commercial, and partly a community of university men and scholars. It consists mainly of an intelligent well-to-do class, with a standard of education above the average. As the library is the constant resort of university students, literary men, scientific inquirers, and others with serious work on hand—who are on a higher plane than the thousands who, like myself, read for amusement—it is evident that the books have been well chosen, and that the library is abreast of modern requirements. It contains over 120,000 volumes. The time, the knowledge, and the energy of the librarian are at the disposal of all sorts and conditions of men who are earnestly investigating any branch of study, and I have heard many a grateful tribute to his services in this respect.

Mr. Bain is a singularly modest man—singularly because it has become so firmly established a proposition in these days that the world takes you at your own valuation, that genuine restraint in the delicate art of self-puffery is not a common quality. The probability is that if you asked Mr. Bain who was



MR. JAMES BAIN, JR.

chiefly responsible for the success of the library, he would mention Mr. Hallam, or some of the other public-spirited members of the board, who have judiciously helped the institution to gain its present position. Of his own share in the work you would hear absolutely nothing. In no respect has the library been more wisely conducted than in the wealth of Canadian material which has been gathered together. It contains, I believe, the most valuable collection of Canadian books to be found on this continent, and there are, besides, some manuscripts of historical worth and importance. Mr. Bain has, it is clear, a thorough acquaintance with Canadian history and bibliography, and is a close and careful student of these subjects. He is, in spite of his ancestry and residence for years abroad, a Canadian to the core, and his attachment to this country is not the least among his qualifications as a librarian. He keeps, it is said,

a watchful eye ever open for opportunities to add to the treasures of the library. An anecdote is related to show how, on one occasion, he distanced several competitors, including the Government of Ontario. When the D. W. Smith manuscripts were offered for sale in London some years ago several bids were put in. The Ontario Government was among the bidders. A member of the Ministry happened to be in London at the time, and sallied forth to get the prize. But he and other eager seekers were met with: "You are too late. The mss. are now the property of the Toronto Library. Mr. Bain ordered them by cable."

Dealing with Mr. Bain in his official capacity I have spoken in moderate terms—doing, perhaps, less than justice to those sterling qualities as a public servant which have gained for him so distinctive a place in the community—in order that a word might be said about the man himself. His energy

enables him to get through a great deal of work. During many years, first as secretary, latterly as treasurer and vice-president, he has been a staunch friend of the Canadian Institute. He is a prominent member of the Scottish societies of Toronto. He is an honorary member of the Library Association of the United Kingdom and of the Minnesota Historical Society, an active member and Canadian representative of the American Manuscript Commission and an ordinary member of about twenty English and American societies. He lent a vigorous hand in organizing the meeting of the British Association at Toronto in 1897, and was the local treasurer of that body. He has written a number of monographs on historical and other questions in a perspicuous and fluent literary style. In the literary life of the city he fills no small place, and his opinion is sought, not in vain, by all in need of counsel, research, and judgment in the prosecution of literary work. For one who has no association with politics, Mr. Bain is admirably posted on political

measures, men, and events, thus dispelling the illusion that to be in close touch with the public movements of the time you must belong to one party or the other. On the question of the British connection, however, no man holds more pronounced views, and Mr. Bain has always shared to the full the sentiment of attachment to British institutions and ideals that dominates the community.

In social life it would be hard to find a more congenial companion. A good listener, but an equally good raconteur, a keen relish for genuine fun, a mind stored with anecdote and literary reminiscences, a kindly and dignified manner touched with the flavour of that fine old-fashioned courtesy one sometimes associates with the old world rather than the new, are a few of the characteristics that have drawn about him a host of appreciative friends. He is now in the vigour and prime of later life with many years of service and useful activity before him. The generations to come will hold him in grateful remembrance.

A. H. U. Colquhoun.

SHE AND I.

By Etta Callaghan.

WE had been chatting together some time before I discovered her advanced ideas of womanhood. Then we differed on some little point, and I happened to add, "There is not a particle of the 'New Woman' about me, not that I mean to infer that there is a touch of it about you either." She replied, "But there is more than a 'touch' of it about me; I am a new woman, out and out." I immediately became one of the *qui vive* for new impressions, for this was the first time I had encountered one who was avowedly an out-and-out new woman.

She did not look in the least like one. The new woman, as she existed in my imagination, wore clumsy boots, a short skirt, an ill-fitting bodice, and—invariably—spectacles, not a becom-

ing pince-nez, but uncompromising spectacles, hooked securely behind the ears. She, on the contrary, had no glasses, and, as she occasionally tapped her foot, I noticed that she wore a dainty pair of fine kid slippers. As she moved across the room to find a book from which to illustrate a point, I knew by the gentle frou-frou that she wore a silk petticoat, and when she resumed her chair I saw that her well-cut serge skirt had a scarlet taffeta lining with a foot frill edged with two rows of black velvet bébé ribbon. Her silk blouse had ruchings of chiffon on it, and it had such a pretty, soft collar—my imaginary new woman wore stiff collars and Ascot ties.

Judging by appearances I was inclined to doubt the sincerity of her as-

sertion; but she assured me that she was in earnest, and she began forthwith to talk so learnedly that I almost had to gasp for breath. I realized that I was hopelessly behind the times, because so much of what she said was "Greek" to me.

She talked about "the woman movement," and "the economics of women," and many other unfamiliar topics, but the phrase "economics of women" occurred so often that I felt I must expose my ignorance and ask the meaning of the term if I were not to lose the gist of her remarks. As nearly as I could make out, "the economics of women" means something about every woman being in a position to support herself; but I am even yet rather hazy about its exact import, as she was so thoroughly conversant with the subject that it seemed too trivial to need much explanation.

In common parlance, she thinks we are too ready to dance to whatever tune the men may choose to play, and she says the result is that we lower their ideals. That, if we are content with being less than their equals intellectually, they will be content to have us remain so, but that if we study to improve our minds and raise our standard of excellence in every direction, they will be compelled to raise their standard too, and the result will be a higher intelligence all round.

I mildly suggested that, instead of feeling that they must study to keep pace with our improved intellects, they might turn their attention to those girls who were willing to look up to them on their pinnacle of intellectual superiority, but she assured me that I was mistaken.

She defined marriage as "an excellent narcotic for disappointed ambition," and when I insisted upon a further elucidation of that definition she said that was the only way she could account for the fact that so many girls with lofty ideals were content to marry most uninteresting men, and, while letting all their ambitions go, yet appeared to be perfectly happy. Again I ventured a protest by suggesting that

their ambition might merely be turned in another direction, rather than that it had dropped altogether. But she would not agree to this, and repeated her "narcotic theory."

Then she told me that the key-note to the new woman movement was individuality, and she gave me to understand that, to realize our highest good, we must strengthen and broaden, and raise our individuality so that we may be able to cope with all the great questions of the day, and to take our place on the platform of intellectual equality with the men.

I suppose I ought to have been inspired with an ambition for a seat on that platform. Perhaps because I am behind the times in this woman movement, or perhaps because I am mentally indolent, I felt, as she pictured it all, that I should much prefer a seat in the audience where I might look up at that platform and hear the others carry on the discussion.

And then she talked of the many-sidedness of life, of the numerous outside interests with which women might connect themselves, and of all the good they can do for humanity.

When she turned the conversation into another channel, it was not because she had exhausted her supply of arguments, but, I fear, because my ideas were not sufficiently advanced to pursue the subject any further. Each carried away her own impressions of the other. I dare say she considers that I am hopelessly hedged in a narrow groove of conventionality, and that my life is as unattractive and uninteresting as ruts are supposed to be. On the other hand, I found *her* most profoundly interesting. She talked like a book and she made me feel such a shallow, incompetent sort of individual, in need of a mental tonic of some kind. But, for all that, I think I should become very tired of being a new woman, for her course is like that of a cyclist taking a short cut through a strange field, where stones and thorns and rough places are to be encountered at every turn of the wheel.



HEINRICH HEINE

By W. A. R. Kerr

WITH ORIGINAL TRANSLATIONS OF SOME OF HIS SONGS.

THERE is perhaps no foreign poet who is such a favourite with English readers as Heine. He is at once as sentimental as Orlando, and as cynical as Jaques. It is in his infinite variety that his charm lies. He was himself the strangest "bundle of contrasts" that ever lived: a Jew who was a pagan; a German who possessed the *esprit gaulois*; a man of feeling who said that love was "hell." With Heine's prose we have here nothing to do, only to recall a few of his songs.

Heinrich Heine was born in Düsseldorf on December the thirteenth, 1799. For his own purpose he afterward said, he first saw the light on New Year's Day, 1800; and so ironically called himself "one of the first men of the century."

His father, Samson Heine, though a somewhat slack, feckless individual, was a fine musician and greatly interested in matters of art. From his mother Heine inherited his intellectual qualities. She was a woman of high mental endowment. Though a Jewess by race, she was in religion a Deist of the age of Voltaire. She was very ambitious for the future of her children, three boys and a girl, the eldest of whom was Heinrich.

It had been at first intended that the boy should enter the army, but with the downfall of Napoleon that career was closed, and Heine's mother was forced to seek out something else for her clever young son. In the light of

later days it is amusing to learn that the Church was seriously considered. Luckily both for Heine and the Church the proposal was dropped. With medicine he would have nothing to do. At last, in 1816, he was installed in the banking house of his Uncle Solomon in Hamburg.

Heine had already had a boyish love affair with a strange girl called Sefchen, the daughter of a long line of hereditary executioners, from whom the taint of bloodguiltiness kept away less romantic youths. So on his arrival in Hamburg he was ready to fall at once desperately in love with his cousin Amalie, a girl of great beauty and charm. But when her father, Heine's uncle, found that his nephew had no business talent whatever, and that instead of adding up his columns of figures he was engaged in making love songs, the old banker decided it was time to get rid of him. He offered to help Heinrich with five hundred thalers a year if he would undertake the study of law. As he had no other prospects, Heine consented, and in 1819 set out for Bonn, carrying with him his unfortunate manuscripts.

Heine's college days were not entirely given over to the assimilation of Justinian. Most of his hours were devoted to reading poetry, ancient, mediæval and modern. He was writing steadily by this time. His hopeless affection for Amalie seems to have thrown a gloom over his mind, and a great many disconsolate lyrics were the result. It is generally thought that the famous romance, "Mountain Echo," contains a reflection of his despair:

MOUNTAIN ECHO.

A horseman rides adown the glen,
Jaded his charger brave :
" Ride I, alas, to my darling's arms,
Or into the dark grave ? "
And echo answer gave :
" To the dark grave ! "

And forward moves the cavalier,
A deep sigh rends his breast :
" If I so soon must to the grave,—
Be't so, the grave is rest ! "
Answers the mountain crest :
" The grave is rest ! "

A tear rolls down the cavalier's cheek,
A tear that tells of woe :
" And if in the grave alone is rest,
Then I to the grave will go. "
Hollow the echo and low :
" To the grave will go ! "

An odd little poem, called " Instruction," gives what is probably Heine's later attitude towards his affair with his cousin Amalie. It is marked by that strange mingling of sentiment and cynicism for which the author is famous :

DIE LEHRE.

Mother to little bee :
" Ware of lights ever be ! "
But what the mother said
Soon left the wee bee's head.

Whirr round the light he does,
Whirr with a buzz-buzz-buzz,
Mother's call hears not he :
" Little bee, little bee ! "

Youthful blood, silly blood
Flies in the flaming flood,
In the flame heedlessly,—
" Little bee, little bee ! "

Flares the light red anew,
Fire burns as fires do—
" Ware of maids ever be,
Laddie wee, laddie wee ! "

After the wandering habit of the German student, Heine shifted in 1820 from Bonn to Gottingen, but becoming involved in a duel he was rusticated, and he moved on to Berlin. As he had already acquired some little fame, he was taken up by the fashionable literary circle of the Prussian capital. At the house of Frau Varnhagen he came into contact with the most cultured and intellectual society in Germany. The impulse he received is evident by his publication in 1823 of two tragedies with a " Lyrical Interlude." This

" Interlude " contained by far the best work Heine had yet done. The tiny poem which follows can hardly be matched in modern literature for its wonderful power of suggestion :

A pine tree standeth lonely
On a bare northern height,
It slumbereth ; while ice and snowflakes
Are veiling it in white.

And of a palm it dreameth,
That far in an Orient land
Lonely and silent mourneth
On a burning rocky strand.

One other example from the " Interlude " exhibits Heine's lifelong delight in folksong and myth. The original of these few verses breathes a melody which it would demand an English Heine to reproduce in translation :

From tales of elf and fairy
Beckons a snow-white hand,
A magic music airy
From an enchanted land,

Where giant flowers languish
In golden evening light,
And wan with love's sweet anguish
Pine in each other's sight.

Where all the trees are chattering
And loud in concert sing ;
And laughing streams are pattering,
In rhythmic music ring :—

And sweeter songs are trilling
Than thou hast ever heard,
Till with fond yearning thrilling
Thine heart is fondly stirred.

O that I might come yonder,
And there my heart set free,
And loosed from pain might wander,
And happy ever be !

In dreams I see it often,
That land of fancy fair,
But sunrise sees it soften
And vanish into air.

While in Berlin Heine had been very reckless of his health, and in 1823 he left the city for the seaside at Cuxhaven. On his road thither he passed through Hamburg, and there he was overwhelmed by a flood of old painful memories about his love for Amalie. The literary result of this sad return to the scene of his " Youthful Sorrows " was the collection of songs called the " Home-coming." A note of regret sounds through them all, now reckless,

now cynical, now fanciful. The most famous of all Heine's songs, the "Lorelei," is to be found in the "Home-coming." As everyone is familiar with it, however, I have chosen another :

As the moon with flashing effort
Struggles through the clouded sky,
So before me comes a picture
Out of days long since gone by.

On the deck we all were sitting,
Down the stately Rhine we sailed,
Glowed the banks in summer verdure
As the evening sunshine failed.

At her feet there I sat musing,
Mild the lady was and fair ;
O'er her pale and lovely features
Played the red-gold sunset air.

Bells were ringing; boys were singing,
Wonderful the joy and strange !
Grew the heavens ever bluer,
Took the soul a wider range.

Like a fairy tale were passing
Field, town, forest, mountain high :—
And I saw them all reflected,
Mirrored in the lady's eye.

It was Heine's first sight of the sea at Cuxhaven which struck an almost untouched chord in German song. Till then the mystery, the ceaseless change, the subtle suggestiveness of the ocean, had been unnoticed in the Fatherland. Heine's sea poetry is written in an odd irregular metre without rhyme, which is extraordinarily successful in his hands, but such lines as "Sunset" are very difficult to render at all adequately into English :

SUNSET.

The sun all lovely
Has peacefully sunk down into the sea ;
The weltering waters already are dyed
By the gloomy night ;
Only the glow of sunset
Strews them o'er with golden lights,
And the roaring strength of the flood
Presses ashore the foaming billows,
Which merrily, hastily gambol,
Like the fleecy flocks of lambs,
Which the shepherd-boy, singing at evening,
Drives to the fold. |

From the time of the publication of the Book of Songs in 1827, in which may be found the originals of all the preceding selections, Heine led till 1831 a wandering life. He was by turns in

England, Italy, Germany and Heligoland. Then came the Revolution of July, and Heine could not keep himself away from Paris. There he arrived in May of 1831. In Paris Heine met with continuous success. His work was of all kinds : criticism, history and special foreign correspondence.

No more verse appeared till 1844, when the "New Poems" were published. The same year also saw the production of "Germany" and "Atta Troll." The following dainty little song is from the "New Poems :

Stars with tiny feet and golden
Wander on high with step so light,
Lest they should the earth awaken
Sleeping in the lap of night.

Listening stand the silent forests,
Every leaf a verdant ear !
And its shadowy arm the mountain,
As if dreaming, stretches near.

Hark ! what broke the stillness yonder ?
In my heart the echo rings.
Is't my loved one's voice, or only
But a nightingale that sings ?

Though Heine during his long stay in Paris had never ceased to heap ridicule on Germany, despite his forced gaiety, his genuine heart-sickness of exile finds a pathetic echo in one of the "New Poems :

WHERE ?

When shall I have ceased to wander,
Where at last my place of rest ?
Under southern palms far yonder,
Or beside the Rhine's loved breast ?

Shall some desert lonely hold me,
Borne there by a stranger hand ?
Or some coast-line bleak enfold me,
Buried 'neath the wave-worn sand ?

Ever on ! The heavens cover
Wandering steps by land or sea ;
And like funeral tapers hover
Still the stars by night o'er me.

In 1845 Heine was attacked by a first slight stroke of paralysis. In the next year he went to the Pyrenees in search of health, but the quest was vain. One May day in 1848 he took his last walk—"the last day of his life," he himself calls it. From that hour on for eight endless years the poor invalid lay bolstered up with pil-

lows on his "mattress-grave." He was faithfully nursed by his wife, for Heine had married, some years previously, a gay but loyal-hearted Parisienne named Mathilde Mirat. His case was utterly hopeless; death was the only possible outcome, but still the lagging months dragged on, each crushing him under its burden of unbearable pain, yet no release came. He managed to write occasional letters to his mother, who was still alive in Hamburg, but not a word about his illness escaped his lips.

pen

Though Heine was a wreck physically, his mind was as active as ever. The work he produced under such conditions was tainted by an increasing cynicism, a growing recklessness, and a regrettable tendency to coarseness. His lack of any kind of real faith is only too evident. The rhymeless poem "Asra" may serve as an example of what Heine was still capable of. The note of despair at the end is not surprising, and no doubt shadows forth the hopelessness of his own doom:

THE ASRA.

Daily went the wonder-lovely
Sultan's daughter back and forward
In the eve-tide at the cistern,
Where the waters white are plashing.

Daily stood the young slave yonder
In the eve-tide at the cistern,
Where the waters white are plashing;
Daily grew he pale and paler.

Then one evening stepped the princess
Up to him with hurried question:
"Thy name would I know, I pray thee,
And thy homeland, and thy kindred!"

Spake the slave, "I'm called Mohammed,
I am hither come from Yemen;
I spring from that race of Asra,
Who die when they love, 'tis fated."

Heine had ever been a mocker. In youth he laughed at his own sentimental woes; in mid-life his jeer was turned on his countrymen; and now in the Valley of the Shadow he turned to survey the whole of human life, and his conclusions as to the fate of the righteous man are, to say the least, not those of that other "sweet singer of Israel," David, the poet-king:

Approaches death—I make confession
Of what to hide eternally,
My pride forbade: for thee, for thee
My heart still beat, 'twas thy possession!

The coffin's ready, and they lower me
Into the grave. Peace have I now.
Yet thou, Marie, Marie, yet thou
Wilt think of me and oft weep o'er me.

Fair hands thou wring'st by grief o'ertaken
—Comfort thyself—That is the fate,
The fate of man:—The good, the great,
The fair end wretchedly forsaken.

In February of 1856 the poor patient's life-flame was seen to be burning low, and early on the morning of the seventeenth, while he slept, it flickered silently out.

MORNING ON THE LAKE BEACH.

June.

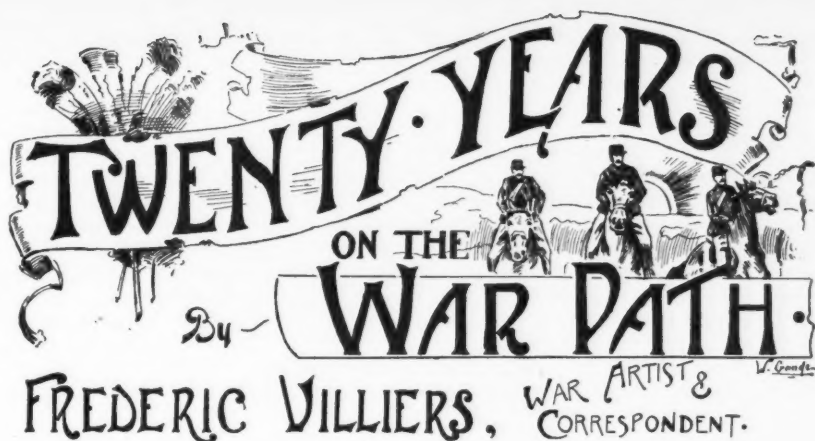
FROM "LAKE LYRICS."

SEE, the night is beginning to fail,
The stars have lost half of their glow,
As though all the flowers in a garden did pale
When a rose is beginning to blow.

And the breezes that herald the dawn,
Blown round from the caverns of day,
Lift the film of dark from the heaven's bare lawn,
Cool and sweet as they come up this way.

And this mighty green bough of the lake,
Rocks cool where the morning hath smiled;
While this dim, misty dome of the world, scarce awake,
Blushes rose like the cheek of a child.

William Wilfred Campbell.



TWENTY YEARS ON THE WAR PATH.

By
FREDERIC VILLIERS, WAR ARTIST & CORRESPONDENT.

VII.—"MY FRIEND CORPORAL TONBAR."

"SAY, sir, don't you think you had better lie down? Here you are just in the line of the lead?"

I had been peering through the gloaming trying to make out the little spurts of flame flickering in the direction of the foot hills in our immediate front, when a friendly corporal of the 42nd Highlanders touched my shoulder, and suggested that I should seek the cover of a ridge of sand behind which the front face of the square was lying.

There was not much cover anywhere in the wretched position the British force found itself before Tamai on the night of March 12th, in the year 1884. We had marched from Baker's zeriba shortly after noon till sundown over a scorching, stony plain, studded here and there with cactus and mimosa, right straight in the teeth of the enemy; and were now bivouacking on a sandy patch between the outlying foot hills and the base of the chain of rugged volcanic mountains which run parallel to the whole length of the Red Sea littoral. The enemy were already sighted on the low black rocks of granite and syenite in our front. Splashes of light were flickering like flecks of fire in a distant hamlet as the sinking sun lights up its window-panes.

But not so suggestive of peace were those reflections from the hills. The

broad barbs of the spears of Osman Digna's warriors gave out the light, now blood-red with the dying sun, as if already reeking with gore.

Presently these broad shafts of fire seemed to move forward, and the Fuzzy Wuzzy warriors began to skirmish in our direction. Springing lightly over the scrub, they wriggled along on their stomachs when coming to patches of sand, seeking every little bit of cover of rock or mimosa.

Not wishing to court an attack till the morrow, the General ordered our mountain guns to open fire. A few beautifully placed shrapnel shells checked the advance of the Arabs, and knocked the devil out of them for the night, so that we were eventually left in peace to cook our rations.

Mimosa bushes were cut down, and a zeriba was formed round our position to stop a sudden inrush on the part of the enemy. Our men ate their suppers, smoked their pipes, and soon, rolling themselves up in their blankets, courted slumber. The wooing was not long with Mr. Atkins and soon the simmering, heaving, fretful pulsations of a sleeping army was heard on all sides.

I was not well pleased with our position; to me it seemed excessively insecure. On our right flank was a mass

of rock a few hundred yards distant, and for some reason not occupied by us. In our front, not more than 1,000 yards off, were some 6,000 of the most daring fighting men in the world, lying perdu behind the cover of a network of black boulders. We lay out in the open, on a plain slightly shelving upward towards the enemy; an excellent target for any Arabs bold enough to creep round our flank and occupy that mass of rock unsecured by us.

I had already planned in my mind the attack which the Arab might make. A galling fire in the middle of the night from the ominous-looking rocks on our right rear, while a few thousand spearmen should rush our zeriba with spears, and then there would be the devil to pay. I took my revolver out of its case and kept it ready to hand.

Did I sleep? I wonder if I slept. That unoccupied rock bothered me. It seemed to grow into a mountain that grew bigger and bigger till the whole adjacent ground was filled with its immensity. Whether I had slept or not I now found myself suddenly and very unmistakably awake. The simmering mass of humanity around me was now also on its feet and very wide awake. The force with the low growl of expletives peculiar to Tommy Atkins when disturbed from his slumbers, was struggling to fix bayonets. A sharp rattle of musketry from the foot hills, the shriek of bullets overhead, and the distant beating of war drums, were the motive of Tommy's sudden awakening.

I looked anxiously towards my *bête noir* the rock. It was still unoccupied, and so far we were safe. We stood to our arms for several hours—it was a desultory fight all on one side, for we never returned a shot. Like summer rain, the enemy's fire would patter away to a few dropping shots, when again there would come a brisk sprinkling of bullets.

It was a very uncomfortable situation, for motionless troops are always uneasy when a sharp cry there or a groan here tells that bullets are finding their billets. An inanimate form was carried past me by two comrades to-

wards the red lamp, marking the doctor's quarters.

Here and there a sharp clatter would notify that a bullet had struck a mess tin or commissariat box. In the middle of the square a horse which had been shot in the withers, lay struggling, vainly trying to gain his feet. Pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, the bullets kept falling and stirring up little puffs of dust on the open ground in front of the zeriba.

"There is no blooming fun in this sort of fighting," Tommy growled. "When will that blooming sun come up and show us where to shoot?"

I had at the moment walked up to the front face of the square, when my corporal friend already alluded to manifested his solicitude for my personal safety. Corporal Tonbar, for that I found to be his name, had now mysteriously disappeared. There was no one else of a communicative turn of mind near me, for the men were sullenly dozing in spite of the occasional twang of the bullet.

I sprawled on the sand and looked up at the stars. They were growing fainter and fainter; now Venus grew pale; then the Great Bear passed away; then Orion and the Southern Cross gradually waned and died out in the lilac dawn. I was thinking how many of us would be looking on those stars before another dawn melted them into space, when a tall, gaunt figure, carrying something under his great coat, strode between me and the brightness of the coming day. Then the tall figure stooped down and whispered: "Would ye like a wee drap o' rum, sir?" It was my good friend, the Scottish corporal, once more.

"Dinna be feart, sir," he continued, "tak' sup. Thae Fuzzy Wuzzies hae spoilt the taste o' rum for at least one of us. So it's all right; we won't miss it. Drink!"

I took a long pull at the corporal's rum, and never was spirit less harmful; it drove the chill of the night from my veins, and braced me up for the coming struggle.

"My worthy friend," said I to the corporal, "let me do you a good turn

for this. Come and see me at the home of Levi, the famous merchant of Suakin, and I will give you something better than Passover cakes. We will drink to the utter defeat of the Fuzzy Wuzzy if we get out of this."

The sun came up at last, looking in the lingering haze of the plains like a large, luminous, over-ripe apricot. The enemy's sharpshooters slunk back into the purple shadows of the Khor as the glorious day burst upon us. Now left in peace for a time, our men prepared their breakfasts; then folded their overcoats, and made ready for the coming fray.

From Baker's zeriba came our cavalry right in the eye of the sun; the handsome face of their gallant leader, Herbert Stewart, radiant with the spirit of war upon it, glowed in the morning light.

At 8.30 we moved out from the zeriba towards the enemy; our two brigades in echelon—the second, under General Davis, in front, the first, under Buller, about seven hundred yards in the rear. I was watching Buller's square forming up, when the sound of rapid firing was heard in the direction of Davis's square.

Scudamore, of the *Times*, and I resolved to see what was going on at the front, so we mounted and rode towards the leading brigade. Approaching it, we found the square broken. The front face of it and part of the right flank had charged a strong force of the enemy, which had sprung up out of a deep nullah about a hundred yards in our front. I rode up behind the 65th just as their flank was being turned.

Like a great wave striking a boulder, the Arabs had re-bounded and were swirling round our flanks, rushing through a great gap at the angle between the front and the right face of the 65th, which regiment had been hurled back by the force of the dervish charge upon the Marines, who were thrown into disorder. The large gap made by the flanks running into line tempted the swarms of Arabs, and they came pouring in before the Mar-

ines could recover from their momentary disorder. Some say the men of the 65th gave way; if they did it was done slowly and reluctantly; to me they seemed to be trying to keep in touch with the Marines and to reform square, for several men coolly knelt and deliberately took aim as the Fuzzy Wuzzy enveloped our flank. But even British pluck must fail sometimes, and that nullah held too many of those bounding, reckless dare-devils. Nothing could stop them for the time—neither Gatlings, nor Gardners, nor Martini-Henrys, nor the cold steel; they forced their way into the square, and, unfortunately, they came to stay for the moment. Though a short period, it was long enough to teach Mr. Atkins some respect for the fighting qualities of the Hadendowahs. Unless when a bullet smashed a skull or pierced a heart, they came on furiously; and even when the paralysis of death stole over them, in their last convulsions they would try to cut, stab, or even bite. Among that howling, bounding mob of fanatics, even little boys came brandishing sticks, led recklessly on by their parents to the very muzzles of our rifles. When once in the square, an absolute *mêlée* ensued. In rallying groups our men tried to stand their ground, but slowly, yet surely, a retrograde movement was compulsory.

We were getting the worst of it. Enveloped in smoke we could hardly distinguish friend from foe. For a moment or two firing ceased, and an appalling silence seemed temporarily to reign, but the struggle had now devolved into a deadly hand-to-hand conflict in which both sides were too busy to give tongue.

An occasional rallying shout from an officer was heard; and at one period, when things looked very bad indeed, I could distinctly hear the voice of that plucky war correspondent, Bennet Burleigh, shouting: "Give it them, boys! Hurrah! Three cheers, my men! Hurrah!"

Many a man who feared the day was lost rallied on that cheer, and thought

things must be improving, and fought all the better for the belief.

A certain General has said "that war correspondents are the drones of the army." A few more drones like Burleigh, when Tommy Atkins is in a tight corner, would not be detrimental to the success of the British Army in the field.

How I got out of that fight I hardly know to this day. A great source of anxiety to me was my horse—an animal which was the only one I could procure at Suakin, and which had been condemned by the military authorities as unsound. He could stand on his forelegs and move, it was true, so to me he was better than nothing; but in an unlooked-for emergency such as this, he gave me grave anxiety, for not knowing his weak points I was always speculating as to what the brute would do next as I struggled through the human *débris* of the broken square. Once or twice as I lay flat along on the animal's back urging him onward with my spurs, Arabs would leap out at me from the smoke and poise their spears ready to strike, but apparently refrained from risking a thrust at one who was moving so swiftly. I fired my revolver at any dusky form I saw emerging from the smoke, but still the figures fluttered. Regulation revolvers are not much use against the Fuzzy Wuzzy. He seems to swallow the bullets and come up smiling like the proverbial conjuror with his "you observe, ladies and gentlemen, there is no deception about it!"

If my horse had gone lame or played any circus tricks at that moment, a blanket and a narrow trench would have been my shroud and resting place that night.

How Sir Redver Buller's intact square, moving over the very ground we had left, diverted the attention of the enemy, giving us breathing time to rally and reform and advance in line to recapture our lost guns, is a matter of history I will not dwell on here. The Black Watch suffered terrible losses; many of their non-commissioned officers were cut down in the first mad rush.

I was therefore rather troubled about my newly-made friend Tonbar. One day after my budget of sketches had been posted to the *Graphic*, Corporal Tonbar walked into my lodgings at Suakin. We had our promised smoke and chat, and I found my friend no ordinary individual—keen, quick-witted, and every inch a soldier.

It was New Year's Day of the following year, and the British forces for the relief of Khartoum were concentrating at Korti. For hundreds of miles the Nile was alive with boats crowded with British soldiers rowing, towing and sailing their whalers up the dreary reaches of the river. I was waiting outside the postal tent while the British mail was being sorted, when a cadaverous, sun-burnt individual accosted me. He was in shreds and tatters. It was difficult to discover by the sun-faded trousers that he was of that famous Highland regiment the Black Watch. The red heckle had disappeared from his feather bonnet. His face, however, made up for this deficiency; all shades of red were there, from the pinkish hue of his skinned nose to the deep tan of his hollow cheeks.

"Don't you remember me?" said the tattered soldier.

"Well! Eh, I hardly——. By Jove! Corporal Tonbar."

"No longer corporal, sir, but sergeant now," said he modestly.

"Well, I am mightily pleased to see you. But what a plight you are in! You have evidently had a tough time of it, sergeant. Why, your mother wouldn't know you." I turned him round and looked at him once more.

"It's these boats, sir. We Highlanders are not used to rowing. Those patches you are looking at now, sir, are made of biscuit tin and sail-cloth—hard, but saves you from losing leather. I have just been to the post," he continued, "and find my dear old mother has sent me these," he held up a bottle containing white tabloids. "They are thirst-quenchers. I shan't want them, however, as I go with the force moving up the Nile. You are

going across the desert with Stewart's lot ; they will be useful to you. Pray take them, sir !"

Anything from old England out in those wild parts was precious enough. I was reluctant to accept the bottle, but as he threatened to spill the contents on the desert, I took it.

"Tonbar, you have befriended me once more ; mind, if ever I can be of service to you, now don't be afraid to ask me."

He laughingly promised and we parted.

I often blessed his dear old mother on that long dreary desert march, which we subsequently made to Subat, for the happy idea of the thirst-quenchers.

Some years after the Nile expedition, I was reading a daily paper in my club in London, when my eye caught a paragraph that ran something like this: "For exceptional bravery in the field, Sergeant-Major Tonbar to receive her Majesty's commission." I drank Fred

Tonbar's health, and wished him further promotion. Two years afterwards I was quietly painting in my studio, when a sharp ring at the bell brought me to the door.

On the threshold was a smart Bond-street type of gentleman in frock-coat, enamelled boots, and an orchid in his buttonhole. He raised his hat, and said with a suspicion of a slight drawl in his speech :

"Why, don't you know me, Mr. Villiers?"

I was fairly staggered for a moment, then my memory of him flashed on me. "Come in," said I, "and sit down. Have a cigar, and tell me all about it."

"I have no time for that just now. I have come simply to ask you for the service you promised me."

"Well, fire away, Mr. Tonbar."

"The fact is, Villiers," he slightly hesitated, "I am—oh, I am going to be married at St. George's, Hanover-square, to-morrow, and I want you for best man."

To be Continued.

SPRING SHADOWS.

ONE April eve, as earth impatient broke
From winter's clasp, to meet the coming spring,
In converse deep, while homeward sauntering,
The spirit music in our souls awoke
As harp-strings, vibrant to the master's stroke.
Through all the naked branches overhead,
The moon rays soft a subtle radiance shed,
That lit the revels of the fairy folk,
And cast quaint shadows on the pavement-stone.
The naked branches—so they seemed to be,
Till in the shadows on the pavement thrown
We saw the swelling buds, just bursting free ;
O Life ! how oft to us in shade is shown,
What in the substance we had failed to see.

Martha E. Richardson



The RESPONSIBILITY of Mrs WEATHERSTONE

By Virna Sheard ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

PRETTY little Mrs. Weatherstone sat with her chin on her hand, gazing into the heart of the fire.

John Weatherstone from the sofa watched her with a sense of tranquil enjoyment in the picture she made, and the fact that he alone enjoyed it.

A hard day in Court, and a signal victory there, entitled the man to his hour of rest, and those who had met him about town—a keen, shrewd, unreadable lawyer—would hardly have recognized him at this moment, when he allowed “the cares that infest the day” to “fold their tents like the Arabs.” Silvery twilight outside—firelight in the room—a blue wreath of smoke curling above the sofa—the girlish figure yonder—lit by rosy reflections that made her blonde hair glisten, and the rings on her small fingers flash with a thousand sparkles.

Suddenly the spell was broken by Mrs. Weatherstone saying, in a quick, decided little fashion of her own—

“John, are you asleep?”

“Far from it,” was the slow answer.

“Then listen, dear—and attend—well, attend the way you do when you have your Q.C. gown on. I have a weight on my mind.”

“Ah!” with a smile, “who is it this time?”

“It is Donald,” she said, throwing out her hands. “I am perfectly wild about the way he has been going on this winter. He’ll never get through in May—never—never,” impatiently, “and it’s most important that he should. He’s five-and-twenty.”

“Five-and-twenty, as you say,” came from the shadowy corner. “But as for his taking his M.D.—why, who ever thought he would. He is unfortunate enough to possess the means to keep him going. One of the gilded

youth, you see. It’s only poor beggars with nothing but what they make who study. Look at me. Don’t worry over him Betty. He is rather a weight to have on one’s mind—about 180 pounds, I fancy.”

“Please don’t talk nonsense, Jack. If you don’t regard Don as a responsibility, I do. We simply can’t have him plucked again. Something must be done.”

“Well, darling,” yawning, “I’ll leave it to you with absolute faith in your power to perform what you undertake. Like Kipling’s sailor, you are ‘a person of infinite resource and sagacity.’”

The man smiled to himself in the dusk. The woman sought counsel from the fire.

Presently she gave a little start. “I have it John,” she said, rising with a light laugh. “I have it—I have it—but poor Donald—O, poor Donald.”

“Knowing you, I say poor Donald likewise,” said the voice.

“Ah!” cried she, crossing to the sofa, “you won’t help me, and we really ought to try and prevent his falling in love with one girl after another, the way he has been doing. If it were only one girl now, we might rejoice, but he is forever flitting about like a—like a—”

“Bee over a clover field,” he suggested.

“Thanks! yes dear. Quite so—but I was thinking of a gay Lothario. It is always the latest pretty face with Donald, and he will certainly become a flirt—a male flirt—that abomination; or a shiftless, unstable creature who does not know his own mind. If one could save him from *that*!”

“Noble mission. But what is he now?”

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"What is he now?" echoed his wife, glancing down quickly. "You surely don't mean *I* called him shiftless and unstable? O no, I said he would become so if he were not checked in his—in his—"

"Mad career," said Weatherstone.

"Yes, dear, for that is what it is—aud simple ruination. He is only a boy—a nice boy too—and a handsome boy—very like you, Jack."

"Heaven forbid," he remarked fervently.

"In looks," she continued, "and the girls very naturally like him; everyone likes him, but they let him see it, unfortunately. It's a case of infatuation with Don every time—pink and white prettiness to-day—"

"Black-and-tan to-morrow," said the man.

"Exactly—and he talks of them incessantly, that is, to me. There have been four since September. First Kitty Wentworth. Now, she was a pleasing enough variety of girl (his taste is exceedingly good), but I grew positively to dread every word that began with K. 'Kitty,' 'Kitty,' constant reiteration made the name almost lose meaning. When she went back to Cleveland he turned for consolation to Claudia Atherly. Just the way the man changes pictures in a magic lantern. Claudia is of a higher type of beauty than the other, and I really had reason to think that affair would last. But no; it died a natural death in a few weeks. Next it was a Miss Quintin, though she was out of the question—engaged already. Then came Nell Overton, decidedly the most dangerous of all, but Nell refused to take him seriously. It was serious enough to Donald. He impoverished himself all during January buying her roses. She liked roses, it seemed. At present," sighing, "there is no one in particular. Probably he is worshipping the whole four, and has a mental composite photograph of them hanging on the walls of memory. He will be worse next time on account of this lull."

"Being unaccustomed to lulls of the kind," remarked Weatherstone,

rising. "Well, poor chap, if you intend to marshal him through the Spring Assizes—exams. I mean, he has my sympathy. There is a deadly lot of work ahead of him, and none behind. I can't understand Don. Now, I never was in love but once. Once was enough, sweetheart, for it wrecked my supply of common sense totally, although in sweet compensation I was drifted in a semi-imbecile condition to the shore of Paradise."

"Keep to the subject, Jack," she said softly.

"Donald! Oh, I had rather dropped Donald. If you want an opinion, I think it's a nuisance having one's young and erratic cousins left on one's hands. Probably he'd better go; he has enough to live on."

"He's an orphan," she said, "and this is the only place on earth he can call home. Your mother wished it."

"That's the reason he stays, Betty; and because left to himself it's a question where he'd bring up," said the man, going out.

Three or four days later Mrs. Weatherstone entered her parlour with light, quick step. A smile, a deep, deep smile lay upon her red lips, and shone from the depths of her gray eyes.

In one hand she held a cabinet photograph, which, after great deliberation and trying to place in one position after another, she stood conspicuously on the piano leaning against a Dresden vase.

"That will do it," she said to herself, going back a little to view the effect.

"That will do it, Elizabeth." Then she waited, filling in the time by playing a waltz.

It was a swinging, swaying melody, with one sweet minor note recurring ever in the bass. A note to watch for.

Presently the door opened and a man entered the room. He crossed to the piano with long steps.

Mrs. Weatherstone looked up and nodded. A handsome young fellow this, tall, deep-chested, and with a

clear-cut, rather discontented face. He thrust his hands into his pockets and leaned against the tail of the grand, taking up the waltz in a low vibrant whistle. The player stopped abruptly—as was her way.

"Please go on—that was divine," said the other. "You *can* play, Betty."

"O, a little," said she, watching him from under her lashes.

"A little!" he returned quickly. "Well, rather. You have the gift." Suddenly noticing the new photograph at his elbow, he took it up, looking at it long and silently.

Mr. Weatherstone still played broken music. Her lips twitched.

She saw Donald turn the picture over. The back was blank, so he turned it face upward again. Then he stared at it.

"By Jove!" he said to himself. "By Jove!"

"Did you speak, Donald?" she inquired, after a moment.

"No—yes—that is—tell me, Betty—who is she?"

"You must not ask Don—really. I cannot tell you. *Not now*, anyway. But she is pretty, isn't she?"

"Pretty!" He gave a short laugh. "How like a woman. Why, I never saw such a face; it is perfect. Is she like this, honestly, Betty?"

"That is considered a good likeness, I believe," answered Mrs. Weatherstone.

"Well, who is she? When did you get this? Do you know her, or is she some actress or singer?" returned the young fellow.

"No! no! No actress or singer, and yes, I do know her, by sight. We have smiled at each other often. More music.

Donald Weatherstone stood the charming photograph back slowly, lingeringly.

"I never saw such a face," he said, thoughtfully.

"Where have I heard that remark before," said the other. "Now, Donald, please don't ask questions about this one. She's not for you, and that should settle it. I do not say I could

not manage to have you meet her—your eyes are very pleading—but you are so fickle, Don, and she is not for you."

"Fickle!" he exclaimed impatiently,

"Come, I like that."

"Well, you have been devoted to a most outrageous number of fair maidens already. It has been 'lightly come, lightly go,' and you fritter away your time horribly. As for your affections, really, the woman who gets what is left after you are through 'admiring' all the pretty girls you meet, deserves my pity."

"Don't let it worry you," he said, gloomily. "I am through with such nonsense."

"Oh! it doesn't worry me at all," answered Mrs. Weatherstone, "not in the least, only sometimes the—the ghosts, as it were—of those girls I have heard so much, so very much about, come to trouble me. Remember Kitty Wentworth?"

There was a smothered word from the other end of the piano. The waltz went on smoothly, serenely.

Weatherstone turned his back to the player and gazed darkly across the pretty room. On swept the dulcet notes, rich, compelling.

"And Claudia?" said Mrs. Weatherstone.

"You needn't go over them all, Betty," he said. "Have the goodness to drop it."

"You ought to be able to see what I mean, Don. No one would have the heart to introduce you to this girl. She is still fancy free, and, altogether too sweet. No, no I will not think of it. John would not like me to. You are so unstable, I could not reconcile it to my conscience."

"Do, Betty," he said, half bashfully, leaning across the piano. "I don't know when I've been so taken with a picture. Do. I thought you were a friend of mine—that at least I could count on that."

"You need not ask, for I won't, Don. Comfort yourself with

'If she be not fair for me, what care I.'"

There was a pause.

Then Weatherstone spoke again.

"Tell me who she is, anyway, Betty; that won't do any harm."

A resolute shake of the head and some emphatic chords that ended the music.

He took up the picture again and turned it over. "There's not a mark on it. Where was it made?"

"In town," laughingly.

"And is she really like this, Betty—eyes and hair and all?"

The eyes that looked up into the man's face were wonderful. Large, soft, with lashes heavy and curling. The hair was light and abundant. An exquisite setting for so much beauty. No nose could have been more charming, no mouth more like a Cupid's bow, an alluring dimple graced the square little chin. This lovely head rose out of a misty background, dark, almost mysterious. It was like a flower broken from the stem. The expression of the face was saint-like, tranquil, even pensive.

"It is a strange sort of face," said Weatherstone, "quite unnaturally beautiful, yet with a peculiar fascination."

"So much soul in it," answered the woman, looking over his shoulder. "So much soul, Donald. Don't you think so?"

"Perhaps that is it; anyway, I never saw anything more lovely."

"Nor I, Donald."

"It is ideal," abstractedly.

"Do you really want to see this—this beauty?"

"What a question!"

"But do you?"

"Honour bright, my dear Betty, I do—any fellow would."

"Then I'll make a bargain with you. Here it is, February. Now, if you pass your examinations in April—is it?—I'll manage to let you see her—the rest you must do yourself."

"That's awfully kind of you, but rather a tight bargain. Suppose I fail—after sitting up till cock-crow, reading?"

"In your little lexicon must be no

such word as fail. If you do fail, why you won't see the fair maid—that's all."

"I suppose I'll be able to survive that," he replied; "please don't think me quite an idiot. I shall get through anyway, Betty."

"All right, then it's a bargain," she said, leaving him.

The students of Medicine during the next two months burned the midnight oil, sitting silently in oft-times chilly rooms, with wet towels bound about their throbbing brows—this perchance that they might later bind them with laurel.

There was not a man of them all who studied harder than Donald Weatherstone, and he won. Then he demanded his reward.

"We'll go down town together, Donald," said Mrs. Weatherstone, "and you shall see her."

It was a heavenly morning. The world had renewed its youth as it does every year when May comes round. Alas! that we follow not its sweet example. The sun shone with a glorious determination to put a gilt edge on everything, and the air blew in, cool and invigorating, from the lake that sparkled away yonder like a line of beaten silver.

The two stepping along briskly together felt that it was a good morning to be alive.

"You haven't thought much about that picture, Donald, have you?" Mrs. Weatherstone asked after a while.

"Haven't had time, but it's been in the background of my mind, so to speak."

"Yes, I understand, behind the Anatomy, Physiology, Materia Medica, and other things. What I meant, Don, was—you won't be very disappointed if—if—"

He wheeled around suddenly. "Am I not to see her, Betty? I understood it was a square thing—a bargain."

"O, yes! yes! do keep cool," she answered, her colour fading a trifle, and a little catch in her voice. "Yes, indeed, you may see her, Donald. She—she is just across the street from here."

"O," he inquired calmly. "Where, just across the street?"

"Why"—she answered—"why in a shop, you know."

"Very well!" said Weatherstone, striding along by the trim little figure, "that'll be all right. I hate a snob. If that girl is like her picture she might be anywhere. Are you going in with me? How far does the bargain take you?"

They had crossed the road, and now Mrs. Weatherstone stopped before a huge shining plate-glass window. Behind it were switches, wigs that rose and fell strangely on abnormally bald pates, simpering dummies that nodded like mandarins, bunches of love curls, white periwigs, frightful scratch wigs, false bangs, and back of them all a wonderful, wonderful French modelled head that rose out of a cloud of soft pink tulle. The beautiful eyes had such sweeping lashes as surely eyes never wore before. The pure oval of her face was unbroken, the curling bow of her mouth smiled at one, showing even pearly teeth. Her hair of light glittering gold was a dream.

"There she is, Donald," said a small, small voice at his elbow.

The young fellow was staring in at the lovely head in a fixed wooden fashion. He answered nothing.

"I had her picture taken you see, Don. Don't hurt me, please. You're the biggest—" the voice slipped away into nothingness.

Weatherstone turned and looked down at her. The red flamed up into his boyish face, then he went white.

"Betty," he said, "it was a ghastly joke. No fellow enjoys being made a fool of. I'll never live another day under John Weatherstone's roof."

"You will! You will!" she cried, half laughing and catching his hand, "and you will live to forgive me, for it has been your salvation. Remember you are through, and have your big M.D. ! All on her account," nodding at the bewitching face so near. "O, dear Don, we're not made like that, don't you see, only just in factories and the minds of men. You wouldn't like anything so perfect if it came to life. Indeed, no; and you're not in love with any one, you're only in love with loving or some ideal you have formed, and you did need a lesson, Don."

He bit his moustache, then looked at her with a queer little smile.

"Thanks," he said, "but don't tell John."

"O, never!" she answered firmly. "Never. Now come home to luncheon."

A DEAD POET.

LONG, long ago—ah, me! how very long—

A way-worn poet died within my breast;

Unblest of fate!—poor wailing ghost of song,

He yet doth haunt me with a strange unrest.

John Arbory.



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A SEAWARD VIEW

By A. M. Belding

ST. JOHN, N.B., AND THE ST. JOHN RIVER.



If you have not yet experienced the subtle fascination of the sea, go eastward in the summer-time. Study its moods in mist and sunshine ; see it in calm and storm ; hear its myriad voices that whisper among the pebbles or thunder on the cliff ; hear the low song or loud shriek of its winds ; bathe in it ; sail on it ; let the wonder of it take hold on your imagination, as its bracing energy takes hold upon the very fibre of your physical being ; and at the end you will journey west or south again with no further need of a tonic, nor any need of a Byron to tell you of the might and mystery and magic of the sea.

Aye, the Muskoka lakes are beautiful—and the St. Lawrence, with its Thousand Islands, its Rapids, its broad sweep to the sea ; and to none are their charms more apparent than to the man from the seaboard. By a similar force of contrast, to none should the attractions of the seaboard, aside altogether from the question of climate, appeal more forcibly than to those from inland cities.

Canada is fortunate in that her people have, in the Maritime Provinces, a summer resort which, both in climate and natural beauty, is unsurpassed. The people of the United States recognize the fact, and from the eastern, middle and southern portions of that country a yearly growing volume of travel flows in by way of St. John, Yarmouth, Halifax and Charlottetown. It is very gratifying also to note that each year sees a larger number of visitors from Quebec and Ontario, seeking and

finding under their own flag more of health and pleasure than are to be found at the hotter and more hackneyed places farther south.

Regarding the province of New Brunswick, Prof. Shaler of Harvard, who is familiar with its topography and resources, has stated that it is superior as a farming region to any New England state ; that it is the best all-round sporting region of which he has knowledge ; and that of its type the scenery of the province is unsurpassed. This is a great and a just tribute. If there is a deal of agricultural wealth as yet undeveloped ; if there are stretches of wilderness to shelter big game or tempt the angler ; and if the natural beauty of the settled portions has not been obtrusively supplemented by the evidences of man's ambition, that, from the standpoint of the seeker after health and pleasure, is not to be deplored.

Three sides of New Brunswick are washed by the waters of ocean or bay. Large rivers flow through it, and their head waters form as remarkable a system of interlacing streams as ever



MORRISEY TUNNEL ON THE INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY,
RESTIGOUCHE COUNTY, NEW BRUNSWICK.



THE CITY OF ST. JOHN FROM FORT HOWE.

floated a sportsman's canoe. These streams yield trout and salmon in abundance. The province is so intersected by railways and waterways that one may journey with speed and comfort in all directions.

The people of Ontario, who honour the memory of the United Empire Loyalists, should be especially interested in the city of St. John. Its founders were of that dauntless and

self-sacrificing company who followed the sound of the king's bugles northward more than a century ago, setting an example in loyalty and devotion that their descendants, in these later days of trial, have been quick to emulate. Go down to the Market Slip where wharves and warehouses are crowded with merchandise, and the schooners come with their cargoes of fish and produce. You have but to invoke the



THE RAPIDS ON ST. JOHN RIVER ABOVE THE BRIDGES.

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spirit of the past, and wharf and warehouse fade away, the busy city vanishes, and a bleak shore is offering scant welcome to a band of homeless men and women, brought hither in the king's ships, to battle with the wilderness and lay the foundations of a state.

To go farther back in history, Champlain saw the harbour and named the river before he saw the St. Lawrence; and here,

during the French period, was enacted the tragedy that made the name La Tour forever memorable in the annals of Acadie.

Historic associations, therefore, are not wanting to lend an additional charm to this region. But that is incidental. Neither monument, nor battlefield, nor fortress marks the scene of ancient strife. St. John must rest on other grounds its chief claim to present recognition.

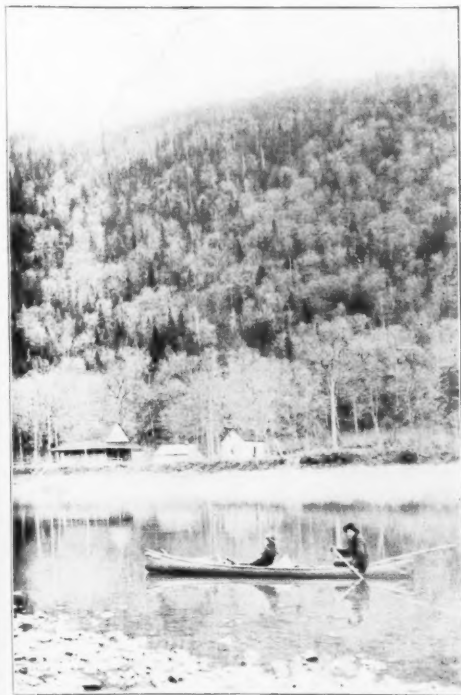
Do you remember Longfellow's picture?

.....the black wharves and the slips,
And the sea-tides tossing free;
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea.

The sea-tides at St. John effect a wonderful change in the appearance of the wharves and slips. The rise and fall of Fundy's tides varies here from 20 to 27 feet. One result of this is that while at flood tide you climb a ladder from the wharf to a vessel's deck, at low ebb you have to go down a ladder to reach the same deck. The remarkable variation does not interfere with work on the vessels, or with their going or coming, but the change in the whole aspect of the harbour at low



THE RIVER ST. JOHN AT WESTFIELD.



ON THE UPPER WATERS OF THE RESTIGOUCHE.



A HALT FOR LUNCHEON.

tide, as compared with its appearance at flood, is very remarkable, and must be seen to be fully appreciated. It is this tidal variation which produces the unique phenomenon of the "reversible falls," at the head of the narrow and rock-walled gorge through which the great river St. John finds outlet to harbour and bay. At low tide there is a fall outward toward the harbour, at flood it is inward toward the river basin; while at half-tide vessels pass in safety, and in perfectly smooth water.

But to get back to the harbour. Longfellow's bearded sailors are there, not only Spanish but Italian, Norwegian, French and others, besides British and American, manning the steamships and large sailing craft taking deal cargoes for harbours beyond the Atlantic. These vessels, together with the schooners from American ports, and ports up and down the Bay of



ASHBURNE FISHING CLUB.

Fundy; the small coastwise steamers and harbour tugs; the fishing vessels from the bay; and the handsome passenger steamers that cross daily to the Land of Evangeline, or give a daily summer service to Boston, make the water front a place of lively interest. The black hulls of the steamships, which carry enormous quantities of lumber, are in striking contrast to the smaller and more graceful outlines of the sailing vessels, whose towering masts and rigging are reminiscent of old-time sailor yarns. Occasionally a ship with an unpronounceable foreign name comes into port, and somebody remembers that she was formerly the "———", built at St. John away back in 18—, but sold some years ago to the Norwegians or Italians. For St. John no longer builds ships, and of her once magnificent sailing fleets (including some long-forgotten whalers), only a few remain on the registry of the port. Her people own steamships now, and have little use for sailing craft, except the schooners used in the coasting trade. It is worth while to visit one of the foreign ships in port. The sailors speak a foreign tongue, and everything is strange and interesting and redolent of the sea.

But the harbour has yet another feature of interest. Its waters in summer yield salmon, shad and alewives, and in the height of the fishing season more than a hundred boats may be seen tending the nets. Very interesting, therefore, to persons who dwell inland is the ever-changing aspect and many-sided life of the harbour.

In Rockwood Park, which embraces the lovely Lily Lake and contains over 350 acres of land and water surface, St. John possesses one of the most picturesque natural parks in America. It is on high ground behind the city, and from the highest point a magnificent view of city, country and bay is obtained. There are pleasant drives through the park and boats on the lake. A pretty tea-house is another feature. Bears, moose, deer and some other animals form the nucleus of what will ultimately be a large zoological

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SALMON FISHING ON THE MIRAMICHI (26 POUNDER JUST CAUGHT).

collection. Each year the work of park improvement is systematically carried on, and in time Rockwood will become one of the famous parks of Canada.

As this article is not intended to serve in any sense the purpose of a guide book, only a passing reference need be made to the Bay Shore, with its facilities for salt-water bathing ; the pleasant drives to lovely suburban resorts ; the good roads for wheelmen ; the near-by haunts of the angler ; the two-hour trip in a Clyde-built steamer across the bay ; the magnificent views from neighbouring heights ; the wealth of scenic beauty and picturesqueness that delights the amateur photographer ; and the excellent accommodation and easy means of transit so essential to the comfort of the visitor.

But, apart from all other considerations, its position at the mouth of the St. John River makes the city a place of far more than common interest. I am

not a member of the Royal Kennebecasis Yacht Club, but whenever I see the white sails of the river fleet moving out from the moorings at Milledgeville, or scudding along the Reach with a stiff breeze on the quarter, some lurking spirit of the viking days leaps up within me, for nowhere in America can be found finer stretches of water, in a fairer setting, than those on which the yachtsmen of St. John enjoy their summer outings. The more one sees



FALLS AT ST. GEORGE.



YACHTING ON THE KENNEBECASIS.

of the St. John River and its tributary lakes and streams, the more one is impressed with a sense of the weakness of words to convey to others a knowledge of the rich and varied loveliness of river and landscape.

With a total length of 450 miles, the river forms with its tributaries a great waterway in the heart of New Brunswick. Salmon and trout frequent the upper waters, and annually attract a large number of wealthy sportsmen. Great quantities of logs are floated

down to the mills at St. John. Passenger and freight steamers run between St. John and Fredericton, 84 miles up; and between St. John and points on the lakes which the river drains. There is also a steamer on the Kennebecasis, which joins the main stream not far above the city. The river between St. John and Fredericton varies from less than one to fully three miles in width. At the mouth of the Kennebecasis there is a stretch of water ten miles wide, and here the yacht club already mentioned have their annual series of races. At Mill-edgeville, hard by, is their club house. Near St. John the river scenery is boldly picturesque, with cliffs rising at one point to a height of about 200 feet. A few miles farther on the aspect changes. The rugged outlines soften into lines of graceful beauty. Rich farm lands stretch away to the hills, broad intervals and lovely islands delight the eye; and at every turn



A TYPICAL NEW BRUNSWICK CAMPING SCENE.



FISHERMAN'S "EXPRESS."

some new and charming picture is revealed. Well-cultivated farms and occasional villages appear on either hand. It is one of the charms of the St. John River that there is nothing hackneyed about it. There is a serene and restful beauty that is in delightful contrast to the nerve-distracting experiences of summer life in the cities. Life is very pleasant at Westfield, the Cedars, Hampstead, and other places along the river, where many St. John people themselves go to spend a portion of the summer. From the steamer's deck the stranger sees quaint objects of interest in the schooners laden with wood or coal, or merchandise, the great rafts of logs, the scows with cargoes of deals and the yachts and smaller craft that are part of the river life. The manner in which skilful boatmen at some points pull alongside the moving steamer in mid-stream, make fast and transfer passengers and

baggage, and cast off again in perfect safety, is a never-failing source of wonder and admiration.

And the river has a history. The modern traveller is voyaging in the wake of French governors and adventurers, and New England fighting men and pioneers of the days of old. Here, beside the Nerepis, was a French fort; at the Jemseg another; yonder, at Mangerville, New England settlers



THE CATHEDRAL, FREDERICTON.

came before the revolution; on the Nashwaak, opposite Fredericton, a French governor once made his capital, and repelled the attacks of New England foes.

Interest in the river, its beauty and its history, is supplemented by another pleasure when the steamer has arrived at Fredericton, the cathedral city and capital of New Brunswick. Here was the old French village of St. Anne's. The city lies on the shore. Its streets are level and shaded by beautiful trees. Before it flows the river, more than half-a-mile wide, spanned by railway and traffic bridges; behind it rises a high range of hills, affording a magnificent view for miles up and down and beyond the river. In Fredericton are the provincial parliament buildings, the cathedral of the Church of England, the provincial normal school, the University of New Brunswick, the old Government House, and the barracks of the R.C.R.I. Three miles away is the town of Marysville, which owes its existence to the genius of one man, Alexander Gibson—the lumber king. Fredericton is a great sporting centre, from which moose and caribou and deer hunters go out in the autumn, and salmon and trout fishermen in the summer season.

How shall one speak of the charms of this river region? There comes to me a memory of student days at Fredericton. I am afloat at night in an Indian canoe in mid-stream, drifting idly down toward the city. Overhead, a sky without a cloud, the moon and stars mirrored in the unruffled surface of the majestic river. Shoreward, more than a quarter of a mile distant on either hand, are glooms and shadows, out of which comes softly the voices of the night. Away below me, the twinkling lights of the city, and floating over the waters in softened strains the music of a band. The burden lifts from the wearied brain, the heart thrills, and from the brooding depths of a perfect night, upon the troubled spirit falls the benediction of its hallowed peace.

And yet another picture. I am

standing at night on the verge of the cliff at Pine Bluff Camp, but a few miles above Fredericton. The only sound, save the murmur of the pines, is the song of a group of lumbermen, on a raft of logs far down the river. Their forms are silhouetted against the light of the fire that burns on the farther end of the moving raft. The moon gleams redly through the summer haze. Countless fireflies flash on the meadows. Before me, and far below, is the gleaming river, divided by lovely islands, beyond which are other gleams of moonlit water, in which the trees glass themselves. Away beyond the stream are dimly seen the meadows, the hills, and the deep woods, with only here and there a solitary farmhouse light to tell of human habitation. An hour in this entrancing spot among the pines beside the river, and then back to the city. The road is smooth. The air is fragrant with the odour of sweet brier and wild roses, and the new mown hay. Only the sound of the carriage wheels breaks the silence of the night. Irresistibly there steals upon the heart a subtle influence, that put the cares of the work-day world to flight, and floods its chambers with the joy of perfect rest.

From the dust of sun-burned cities and the heat of their fevered walls, to the cool shores of the Bay of Fundy and the refreshing loveliness of the St. John River, is a change so full of promise and so delightful in fulfilment, that one does not wonder at the growing volume of summer travel east and northward.

Let me close with the words of the late Governor Russell, of Massachusetts:

"I know of nothing grander or more picturesque, or more beautiful, than the scenery and general appearance of the St. John valley. It is crowded with suggestion, and is full of inspiration. I speak with some enthusiasm. There are few, I fancy, who have made the trip for the first time who are not enthusiastic over it. As I said to my friends on the trip, it cannot be many years before the banks of the St. John are dotted with summer residences.



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By Norman H. Smith

OTTAWA and the district about it must ever have attractions for the tourist. England's London draws travellers because it is the centre of the world's business and the capital of the world's greatest political unit. New York attracts the sight-seer because it is the commercial capital of the United States, though it lacks a Westminster Abbey and a set of Governmental buildings. Ottawa is the Washington of Canada. Its centre of attraction is the cluster of buildings that adorn Parliament Hill. Around this centre are the charms of a noble river, the picturesqueness of the Chaudiere Falls, and the proximity to fishing and hunting grounds which each year provide pleasures for a growing body of sportsmen.

Duncan Campbell Scott has described Ottawa, before dawn, in the following lines :

The stars are stars of morn ; a
 keen wind wakes
 The birches on the slope ; the
 distant hills
 Rise in the vacant North ; the
 Chaudiere fills
 The calm with its hushed roar ;
 the river takes
 An unquiet rest, and a bird
 stirs and shakes
 The morn with music ; a snatch
 of singing thrills
 From the river ; and the air
 clings and chills,
 Fair, in the South, fair as a
 shrine that makes
 The wonder of a dream, imperious towers



LIBRARY, HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The building is rotunda in form, possessing an imposing interior with a central height of 140 ft. This great height is attained by the use of flying buttresses as shown in the photograph. The nature and value of this form of building is well explained in sec. 1, chapter v. "European Architecture," by Russell Sturgis (Macmillan). The library contains nearly two hundred thousand volumes.



OTTAWA—SPARKS STREET—THE POST OFFICE—THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS.

Pierce and possess the sky, guarding the
halls
Where our young strength is welded strenu-
ously ;
While in the East, the star of morning covers
The land with a large tremulous light, that
falls
A pledge and presage of our destiny.

Ottawa is the focus point of our
national life, the centre of political
movement and social activity, and the

abiding place of the Vice-Regal Repre-
sentatives who are to Canada what
the Queen is to Great Britain and Ire-
land.

The Parliament Buildings stand on
a hill close to the centre of the town
and overlooking the Ottawa River.
They have been highly praised for their
"purity of air and manliness of con-
ception."

Anthony Trollope said of
them, "I know no modern
Gothic purer of its kind, or
less sullied with fictitious
ornamentation." Charles
Dudley Warner wrote :
"The Parliament House
and the Departmental
Buildings on three sides of
a square are exceedingly
effective in colour and the
perfection of Gothic details,
especially in the noble tow-
ers. There are few groups
of buildings anywhere so
pleasing to the eye or that
appeal more strongly to
one's sense of dignity and
beauty."

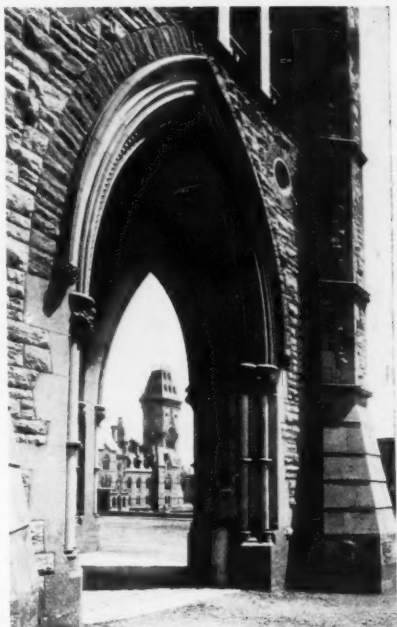
The late Sir James
Edgar, Speaker of the



SPARKS STREET, LOOKING WEST FROM THE RUSSELL.

House of Commons, wrote thus of the view from Parliament Hill: "Standing on the terrace behind the Parliament Buildings, and looking to the north across the river, the view is bounded only by the wooded Chelsea hills, a branch of the Great Laurentian range, which uplifts its shaggy heights for hundreds of miles away down to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. A gap is distinctly visible among the hills, where the River Gatineau flings its wild torrent, in its southerly course, to join the Ottawa. Raging rapids and fierce falls roar and echo among those trees and rocks. Placid lakes lie embosomed in the hills and pour their overflow of crystal waters through wooded glens and down foaming cataracts to reach peace again in the valleys far below."

A mile east of the Hill are the curtain-like Rideau Falls, and a mile west are the more majestic Chaudiere Falls. The former are formed by the waters of the Rideau River as they drop into



MAIN ENTRANCE, CENTRAL
BLOCK.



THE RIDEAU FALLS.

Nature has clad the country about Ottawa with other wondrous beauties, and drives into the country may be pleasantly mingled with a visit to Rideau Hall, a canoe excursion down the River from Rockcliffe, a game of golf, cricket or lawn tennis, or even a steamer trip to Montreal.



ON THE RIDEAU LAKES.

the Ottawa; the latter are the more voluminous waters of the Ottawa bursting through a narrow chasm, and falling over a sheer rocky cliff, to boil and rage and flow away again in their long journey to the St. Lawrence.



ON THE OTTAWA.



A SUCCESSFUL WEEK IN THE NORTH.



FALLS AT GALETTA.

If one crosses the river into Quebec, the manufacturing city of Hull, with its saw-mills and paper factories, is reached. From here it is some nine miles by electric railway to Aylmer, a picturesque French-Canadian village on the shores of Lake Deschenes. The lake, which is thirty miles in length and nine in width, is really an enlargement of the Ottawa, and an ideal place for boating and yachting. A summer hotel, of considerable proportions, affords accommodation for visitors. A few miles away, in the Laurentian hills, there are numerous streams and lakes where bass and trout are plentiful. Club-houses and boats are numerous throughout this lake region.

Farther up the Ottawa, where there are only scattered settlements and the huts of the lumbermen, there is fishing and hunting in abundance. There is now railway connection as far north as Lake Temiskaming, which lies in the midst of that great unsettled portion of Ontario and Quebec.

To the south, Ottawa is connected with Kingston by the Rideau River and Canal, and along this water-route lie the famed Rideau Lakes. Here there is good fishing and plenty of beautiful scenery. A trip by steamer or canoe from Ottawa to Kingston is not nearly so popular a trip as it deserves to be.

To the west of Canada's capital is Ontario's forest and game preserve, known as Algonquin Park. This is reached by the Canada At-

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lantic and Parry Sound Railway. Through these virgin forests there are rapid rivers and beautiful lakes, affording an ever-changing panorama of natural beauty. Just beyond the Park lies the Parry Sound district, famed for its lakes, its fishing and its summer cottages.

Ottawa itself, aside from its being the centre of a charming lake and river region, is decidedly interesting. This is especially true while the Canadian Parliament is in session, for at that time the city is full of visitors, and general festivities make the life more active. The sessions of the House and of the Senate are always attractive to those who wish to see political celebrities at work. From the visitor's gallery in the House of Commons one looks down upon the Speaker, gowned and rosetted, upholding the dignity of "The Greatest Commoner." In front of him is the Clerk, seated at the head of the table which bears the mace of authority. On the Speaker's right are the members of the Government, and on his left the Opposition. The debate may be listless or active, but in either case a study may be made of the men who control the destinies of Canada. In no other Canadian city may one behold such men and such scenes, and hence Ottawa is the Mecca of all who wish to see political life from the point of view of the student, the citizen or the philosopher.



SPOILS FROM THE GATINEAU.



HIGH FALLS ON THE LIEVRE.



HOTEL VICTORIA, AYLMER.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY WESTLAKE BROS., CHARLOTTETOWN.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS, QUEEN'S SQUARE GARDENS, CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

AMID CLIFFS AND SAND DUNES.

By Beatrice Rosamund.

THE smallest and the prettiest of the seven Canadian provinces is Prince Edward Island. It lies in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, a few miles from New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and sepa-

rated from them by the Strait of Northumberland. It is crescent-shaped, and is 130 miles long and from two to thirty-four miles wide. Its earliest name was the Island of St. John. When

Wolfe won his great battle on the plains of Abraham it passed from the French to the British, but it was again French from 1713 to 1758 when the earliest permanent settlements were made. The population is now over 100,000. In 1780 the name was changed to New Ireland, and a



P. E. I.—"FIELD AND MEADOW."

few years later to Prince Edward Island, out of compliment to the Duke of Kent, at that time commander of the forces at Halifax.

Prince Edward Island has been termed "The Garden of British North America," its climate being perfect and never extreme. It is an ideal health resort, the surrounding ocean keeping the air pure and wholesome.

Its picturesqueness is not bold* but is sufficiently varied to be attractive. Hunter Duvar, the Island poet, has thus described it:

"A long low line of beach,
with crest of trees,

With openings of rich verdure,
emerald-hued,

... And this fair land is
Epaygooyat called,

An isle of golden grain and
healthful clime,

With vast fish-teeming waters,
ocean-walled,

The smallest province of the Maritime."



P. E. I.—SANDSTONE CLIFFS.

The Island is much indented with bays and lovely arms of the sea, and

its peculiar greenness of field and meadow rivals in beauty the Emerald Isle itself. Facing the Gulf are fifty miles of white sand dunes, washed by the sea and forming one of the finest bath-



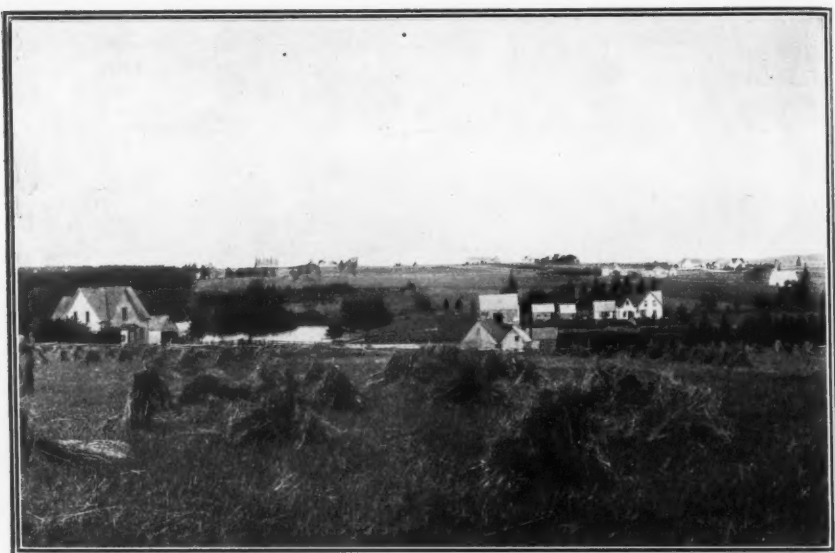
P. E. I. - A BEAUTIFUL BEACH.

ing beaches in the world.

This "North Shore" may be reached either by driving straight across the Island from the city of Charlottetown; a delightful trip of less than fifteen miles, by train or by bicycle. Along this are various summer hotels and boarding houses where good accommodation is furnished at a low price. To lie down, stretched out luxuriously on the side of the sand bank and to gaze idly over the dancing waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, is to be insensibly drifted into a state of contented rest. There are no brass



P. E. I.—THE SAND DUNES.



P. E. I.—FIELDS OF GOLDEN GRAIN.

bands, no side shows, no screaming steamboats, no foul odours, no gambling houses, none of the annoyances of a modern seaside resort. Here peace spreads her wings over the white beach which fringes a green undulating landscape.

Trout fishing may be had at no great trouble, while mackerel and cod-fishing may be enjoyed by any who desire to venture out with the hardy, jolly-faced fishermen who live along the shore. The principal North Shore resorts are located at Rustico, Tracadie, Stanhope and Brackley Point. In each of these places there are hotels whose carriages meet the trains for the accommodation of visitors.

On the south side of the Island are its two cities, Charlottetown and Summerside. Charlottetown, the seat of the Provincial Government, is situated on an almost land-locked harbour, the red sand-stone cliffs rising to guard a riding-place where may often be seen some of the vessels of the British North Atlantic Squadron. On a prominent point of land commanding the entrance to the harbour is Fort Edward, with a battery of three guns.

The city occupies a pleasant site, being laid out upon a slope that gradually rises from the harbour's edge to a height of fifty feet. The buildings are substantial, the streets broad and well-paved, the park broad and inviting, the stores numerous and well-stocked. It is a lively little city, with plenty of good society and the usual sporting and entertaining institutions which are required by the modern standards of city life.

The harbours and the rivers running north, east and west, furnish splendid opportunities for boating. Sailing and rowing are popular forms of amusement, and during the summers evenings the "white wings" may be seen flitting to and fro across the waters. There are one or two boating clubs, and some interesting races take place each season, chiefly between the yachts of the city sportsmen and the less beautiful, but usually swifter, fishing boats from the hamlets along the shore. Sea-trout and mackerel are to be found within easy reach, so that the disciple of Walton will not go away disappointed. The fishing, however, is not so good here as along the north shore.

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AN EASTERN HOLIDAY



By Jean Blewett.

WE are leaving Quebec. The man from Michigan and his pretty daughter do not go with us to St. Anne. They spend the afternoon rambling through the narrow streets, and losing themselves in the funny byways of Lower Town, where round-faced children play on the doorsteps and stare at the passer-by, where the housewife on one side the street leans out the window to gossip in whispers with her neighbour over the way. We are not sorry. The man from Michigan is a good-natured travelling companion, but he is also an incessant talker, and as the train leaves Quebec behind and bears us toward St. Anne it seems good to enjoy the beauty of the landscape in silence. On one side runs the blue-bosomed river, on the other one long straggling street, mile after mile of white-washed houses with morning glories covering the windows, and sunflowers nodding in the gardens.

For a long time we have heard the voice of Montmorenci calling, calling, making itself heard above the clamour of the train, and by and by we see it rushing, fleeing through the rocky gorge, flinging itself with might and madness over the great cliffs. The rocks look bleak and grim with that foamy cataract racing by them. How loud and passionate it is for so soft and fair a thing. Far up the hills the lonesome pines look and listen, leaning over as if they fain would hold it closer and hide it in their deep greenness.

The voice of the Montmorenci follows us all the way to St. Anne. After hearing and reading so much of this famous shrine of healing, a certain solemnity falls on us as we enter the quiet place. The faith of a man, be he Catholic or Protestant, is a holy thing. Here the sick have cried for health, down, down on their knees have cried

for it, the maimed for healing, the blind for sight, the deaf for hearing, the sinning for pardon, the broken-hearted for comfort.

On each side of the aisle are piled the canes and crutches of pilgrims who have here come for healing—eight tall tiers to the right, eight to the left. The Breton fishermen builded better than they knew when, out of gratitude for deliverance from danger at sea, they erected the original St. Anne, more than three centuries ago.

All through the lower provinces are shrines and relics in abundance. We lose our zest for them as we go farther and farther east; but this is the beginning of things, and we examine with interest the piece of rock which they inform us is from the grotto in which the Virgin Mary was born, the case which holds a finger of St. Anne, and all the rest. The paintings and the statues came from France, many of them, and are the works of masters, but we turn from them to look at a living picture fuller of passion and pathos than even those of Lebrun's.

A fair-haired boy is kneeling at the altar, tears on his cheeks and pleading in his tones. Now he flings his arms out as if he fain would clasp the knees of the saint as a boy clasps those of his mother when he begs a boon—his slender frame trembles with eagerness and hope. We look at the crutches beside him, at the shrunken limbs, and the pity of it touches us.

Up the aisle comes a blind child led by a white-haired woman, the grandmere perhaps. The sunshine streams through the stained glass full upon them as they kneel. The touch of the angel of death is on the little face—sweet in its pallor. The grandmere is praying for sight for her darling. Pray away, dear woman, the day of

groping in the dark is almost over for the little one—she will soon see the King in His beauty and the Land that is very far off.

As we leave the shrine of St. Anne, a party of pilgrims are climbing the scala-sancta, or holy stair, on their knees, and chanting a hymn to the Saint as they climb. Their full tones follow us :

"Wouldst thou be free of the pain and the anguish?
Healed of thy sickness, cured of thy sorrow?
Kneel at the shrine of St. Anne the merciful,
She of the tender heart
St. Anne the merciful."

During the delicious journey through the country of the habitant the man from Michigan finds much of which to disapprove, but he is so in earnest, so frankly good-natured in his criticisms of things, that nobody minds him. The habitant's way of farming, his out-of-date plough and harrow, his manner of piling the stones in the middle of a field instead of in a corner, the queer mills with which he grinds his grain, all these things worry the man from Michigan. But one high noon of a glorious day nature has the man so in love with her that there is no more faultfinding for a space. We have come to the Metapedia valley, and anything fairer, anything fuller of dazzling surprises cannot be imagined.

The mountains on the right, with their blue veils on their heads, are frowning at the mountains on the left across the green and gold of the valley; a white mist goes slipping toward the sea from whence it came; the beeches are still green, but the maples are scarlet, and the slender elms are golden. Through it all the Metapedia river goes with its rapids and water-falls, its crooning and murmuring. "Water of Song" the Indians named it in the beginning. It has such a changing face this river—smiling one moment, tempestuous the next. We look; it is a fierce wild thing impatient of restraint; again, and it is a tender water-child playing by itself among the rocks and hills. A canoe flits past, another, and another,

and up, up, as far as eye can see, the bald-headed mountains are roiting gloriously in the sunshine.

At St. John we are in danger of losing the man from Michigan altogether—he is so taken with the place that he suggests to his daughter that they spend the rest of their holiday here.

"Oh, papa, and miss the land of Evangeline!" she cries.

"Well, to tell the truth I'd like to see that place you've been talking so much about, but all this ship-building, and vessels coming, and vessels going, all this tide business, river full one time, and not much more than a mudhole another, just takes my eye. However, I'll go along and see the rest of it with you. Do you suppose," turning to us, "that I'll be sorry I spent so much time and money getting there when I look at that Acadian place?"

"You will not be sorry," we assured him, and afterwards wished we had said otherwise, for many times and oft he casts our words up to us during our sojourn in the land of Evangeline.

Acadia owes a mighty debt to Longfellow. If that song of the poet's, strong, sorrowful, tender, had not made the meadows of Grand Pré, the old willows planted by the Acadians in the days of peace and prosperity, Minas Basin, Blomidon, the pasture lands over which the mist and sea fog hover, familiar things, the place would not hold us so.

To-day the meadows are stretching out in the sunshine; what is left of the forest primeval has its autumn glory on; Minas Basin, full to the brim, is flashing back the light thrown on it from the sky; the ships go by with all their white sails spread; old Blomidon, frowning always in sun or shadow, is blue as blue can be. There are the apple trees which used to blossom in some peasant's garden, bent and lifeless now. Straightway our imagination is at work.

We see old Benedict Bellefontaine's

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house with its thatched roof, its gables, and its dormer windows, and we see the big hale Benedict in the doorway. He has a pride in his harvest ripening for the sickle, in his flocks and his herds, but ah, so much more in the maiden beside him! How well you know her, the maiden of seventeen summers. You can see her at her wheel, singing to herself, and turning her dark eyes often toward the village, for may not Basil's son be coming for the long talk in soft grey twilight? You see her going from one thirsty harvester to another with her foaming pitcher. You see her in the early morning, the pails in her hands waiting for the cows to come up from the pasture land—such a pretty bustling housewife, this week-day Evangeline.

The Sabbath Evangeline is sweeter, though. There she goes, in her blue kirtle, as the church bells ring. Is she or is she not a trifle conscious that she is fair to look upon in her Norman cap, ear-rings in her ears, kerchief over her bosom, as she walks onward with God's benediction upon her?

Yonder is Basil's forge, and Basil at it with his leather apron on. You see the wives of the village spinning at the doorsteps, the children at play, the laborers coming home at sunset, and you hear the clack, clack of the gossiping looms. All this you see and hear because one of God's singers has sung to you of them. Before you knew the meaning of love and sorrow you were familiar with the story filled with both—the story of Evangeline and her lover Gabriel.

Every one does not see so much. The man from Michigan comes up with a perplexed air to ask "where is Grand Pré, any way?"

"This is Grand Pré," we assure him.

"Never! where is that Minas Basin I've heard so much about?" glancing suspiciously around as though under the belief that some one has hidden Minas under a bushel on purpose to defraud him of his rights as an American citizen."

An affable stranger points out Minas, and the man gives a snort of contempt. "Umph! you could drop it in one corner of lake Michigan and never know it was there. Where is your big beautiful Blomidon? Show him to me."

And he shades his eyes with his hand and stares at Blomidon so disparagingly that Blomidon must feel properly ashamed of itself.

"Look, papa," cries his daughter, "look at the low green meadows stretching out in the sun, just as they did centuries ago,

'Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.'"

"I've got meadows to home that can knock the spots of any I see here."



He grumbles and is not his good-natured self till we are in the famous apple orchards of the Annapolis valley. On the day we have the picnic with the apple pickers he looks happier than he has for a long time.

"I know a good thing when I see it," he says, "and I like this part of the country first rate."

"Better than the meadows of Grand Pré?" some one asks.

"I wouldn't care to farm in that part of the country," he returns. "When a man is busy at his haying it's bother enough to look out for the water that comes down without having to keep an eye on the water that comes up. I laugh every time I think of each haycock sitting up on a framework of its own to keep out of reach of the tide."

O the breath of the apple lands of Acadia; it goes sultry among the hills, down the river to the wooded isles, out and away through Digby Gut to that salt water thing of many moods, the Bay of Fundy, where the men busy with their nets draw in long breaths of it, and crossing themselves devoutly, give thanks for the sunshine of St. Eulalie, which

"Filled their orchards with apples."

AN HISTORICAL NAVAL BATTLE.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

By Dr. G. Archie Stockwell, F.Z.S.

PROLOGUE.—Some years ago, while visiting Portsmouth, England, I hunted up an old acquaintance, an ancient pensioner by the name of Butler, who was minus an arm as a result of the last "misunderstanding" between Great Britain and France.

I found "old Geordie" sitting outside his well-known cottage at Mill Lane, Torton (Gosport), and he at once expressed himself as "downright glad" to see me.

A little tact soon made him reminiscent, and I availed myself of a convenient opportunity to turn his thoughts towards the last war between Great Britain and the United States.

"Well, sir, thank God! I am hale and hearty, though I was born March 17th, 1797. I had nineteen years and twelve months' sea servitude,* and all that time I was bringing money home, fighting the Crapoos's and Americans, and looking after pirates.

"When I entered the *Macedonian* frigate, I was a little chap going on thirteen years old. This ship was one of the handsomest afloat, commanded by Lord Wm. Fitzroy; and when I joined she lay at Gravesend, but almost immediately was sent around to Spithead to convey a 'lobster box'† to Lisbon. We then run over to Corunna, only to be ordered back to Portsmouth, where Lord Fitzroy was court-martialed as the result of a quarrel with the ship's master, which caused them both to be broken (de-

prived of rank and dismissed the service). Captain Colden took command, but only for a few weeks, when he was promoted to the *Royal Sovereign*, a line-of-battle ship, making place for Captain Waldegrave; then, after a short cruise on the Spanish coast and back to Lisbon again, Captain John Carden superseded Captain Waldegrave."*

Captain Carden was known as a "smart officer"; his aim was to possess a crew only of picked, first-rate men, and hence he made it a point to get rid of all shiftless, slovenly sailors at the earliest possible moment. As he could not discharge these from the service, he exchanged where possible into other ships; and when this measure failed he would afford opportunities for the undesirable men to desert, when no efforts were ever made for their recapture—a procedure quite contrary to that when a really good man took it into his head to take "French leave."

About this time it was common talk that there would be war with the States, and we were ordered with despatches to Norfolk, Virginia. While at anchor in Hampton Roads the strictest care was taken to prevent all communication with the shore on the part of the crew, but our officers certainly never enjoyed better cheer. Captain Carden exchanged visits with Commodore Decatur of the frigate *United States*, and it was rumored these two officers indulged in banter as to the result of a conflict between their respective ships; some said there was a wager laid of a beaver hat.

*The naval year was formerly computed at thirteen instead of twelve months, the extra thirty days being technically known as the "King's month;" consequently Geordie had really served twenty-one years and seven months.

†*Anglice*—troopship.

*The exact verbiage of the old seaman is here abandoned and likewise the narrative condensed, yet the style is retained as far as possible.—AUTHOR.

A quick winter passage took us back to Lisbon, when soon we were ordered to England again. On arrival at Plymouth liberty was given the whole crew, while the old ship underwent certain necessary repairs.

After refitting we spent a couple of months in the Basque Roads, and here were fortunate enough to take a couple of French prizes—one a brandy-wine and castile-soap laden lugger was fairly cut out from Brest harbour. Then we ran back to Plymouth; and from here were sent to Torbay, to convoy ten East Indian merchantmen "two days' sail beyond Madeira."

Though without any positive information, we were now pretty certain war had been declared with the States. Our Captain appeared more serious than usual, and was constantly on deck. The lookout aloft also was more rigidly observed; and when we parted from the merchantmen this lookout became more active still. The cry of "Mast-head there!" could be heard almost every half hour.

October 25th, 1812, came in with a stiff breeze, and all hands were ordered in to "clean blue mustering clothes." Scarce had the word passed, however, than the foretop lookout sang out. The Captain was on deck in a trice and hailed:

"Where away?"

"Four points on the leebeam, sir."

"What does she look like?"

"A square rigged vessel, sir."

A few minutes' later another hail secured the response: "A large ship standing toward us, sir;" and after another interval: "A large frigate bearing down, sir."

A whisper at once ran among the crew that the stranger was a Yankee frigate, and this was apparently confirmed by the order, "All hands clear ship," when drum and fife beat to quarters, bulkheads were knocked away, and gun tackles cast loose.

Our crew were in good spirits, though many expressed a wish the stranger might prove a Frenchman rather than a Yankee, for we had a suspicion the latter might prove a little heavy for us

—the Yankee sailors we had met on different occasions assured us their ships, rated in the same class, were stouter and heavier built, likewise carried guns of greater metal than ours.

Presently we were able to distinguish the stars and stripes at the gaff of the stranger, which definitely settled the question of her nationality. And now our guns were shotted and run out and matches lighted, for though locks had been introduced, there was some question as to their efficiency, and the former were prepared in case of need.

I was stationed as "monkey" to No. 5 gun on the main deck, my duty being to bring powder from the magazine. A woollen screen hung before the entrance to the latter, and through a hole therein cartridges were passed out, which the boy in waiting received, covered with his jacket, and then hurried away to his gun.

At last we fired three guns from forward on the larboard main deck; then came the order, "Cease firing," quickly followed by "Prepare to wear ship," the purpose being to attack with the starboard batteries. A little later I heard firing which I supposed to be our quarter-deck guns until sounds overhead like the tearing of canvas showed it was the enemy paying her respects to us.

There was another lull of a few minutes, when firing recommenced, this time not by single guns but by batteries, and the roaring of cannon was heard from all parts of the trembling ship, and mingling as it did with that of our foes it made a terrible din. Then the shot began to strike, and the whole scene became indescribably confused and hideous.

I was busy supplying my gun with powder when suddenly blood flew from the arm of the man at the linstock—I saw nothing strike him—but in an instant the third lieutenant had tied up the wound with a handkerchief and then sent him below.

Soon the groans and cries of the injured rang through all parts of the

ship, and the unfortunates were carried to the cockpit as fast as possible, while those killed were immediately thrown overboard. I was stationed but a short distance from the main hatchway and could see those who were carried below, but a mere glance was all I had time for, since the boys serving the guns on either side of mine were wounded at the beginning of the action and I was obliged to supply their places and "spring" with all my might.

A master's mate, of my division, a noble-hearted fellow, by the name of Dan Kivell, fell almost in front of me, having been struck by a grape-shot over the heart. Mr. Hope, our first lieutenant, was also wounded by a grummet,* and went below to have his wound dressed, but was back again in a few moments shouting and encouraging the men at the top of his voice. Our crew were continually cheering, though for what I must confess I do not know, except it was to keep up their spirits.

After a while, not only was it discovered several boys and men had been killed and wounded, but that many of our guns were disabled. My gun had a piece of its muzzle knocked out, and with a sudden roll of the ship struck a beam of the upper deck with such force as to become jammed and fixed in that position. A twenty-four pound shot also passed through the screen of the magazine immediately over the orifice through which was passed the powder, and that too at a moment when I was receiving a cartridge from the hands of one of the gunner's mates. Our boatswain, who for some weeks had been ill and came from the sick bay to take his station, received his death wound while fastening a stopper on a back-stay which had been shot away; and it was a peculiar coincidence that the same warrant officer in the American frigate bore the same name, William Brown, and that both were killed under precisely the same circumstances, and almost at the same minute.

Our men fought like tigers; some

* A small iron ring, probably torn from a hammock in the nettings by a shot.

pulled off their jackets, some their jackets and waistcoats, and others again even their shirts, tying neckerchiefs around the waistband of trousers. A "powder monkey" named Cooper, stationed at a gun some distance from the magazine, attracted the attention of the officers by going to and fro at full run, apparently as "merry as a cricket." He earned the encomium from the third lieutenant, "Well done, my lad, you're worth your weight in gold."

Aside from the twenty-four pound shot, an iron hail of grape and canister poured through our port-holes, carrying death and destruction in their trail. The large shot passed through the ship's side, shaking her to the very keel, and scattered terrific splinters, which did even more appalling work. With splinters, cannon balls, grape and canister incessantly flying, death held carnival in a way to satisfy the king of terrors himself. After a time came a pause in the rattle of shot and iron, when we were ordered to "cease firing;" then a profound silence ensued, broken only by the stifled groans of the brave sufferers below. It was now ascertained that the enemy had shot ahead to repair damages, for she was not so disabled but she could sail without difficulty, while we were so cut up as to lie utterly helpless—our head braces were shot away, fore and main topmasts gone, the mizzen-mast over the stern; in fact, the *Macedonian* was little better than a wreck.

Our condition was perilous in the extreme, since victory or escape were alike hopeless. Not only was our ship disabled, but a large number of men had been killed outright, or badly wounded. The enemy moreover now had the great advantage of being able to select her position at will, and, of course, could thereby rake us fore and aft; consequently further resistance would be an act of folly. A council was held among the officers, and in spite of the fact our hot-brained first lieutenant, Mr. Hope, urged we should sink alongside, it was determined to

surrender, and our flag ordered struck. Then down came the royal naval ensign at the hands of a quarter-master named Watson, whose cheeks streamed with tears of mingled grief and rage, and His Britannic Majesty's frigate *Macedonian* lay a prize to the American frigate *United States*.

And now I went below to see how matters appeared; but the scene will not bear description. The like I had never witnessed before, and hope never to see again, and one would think if the civilized world could but behold the results of battle as they really are, nations would forego forever the barbarism of war. The dining table in the gun room had become the operating board for the surgeon and his assistants, who were busy as possible, and the deck and state rooms were filled with wounded. On arrival of boats from the *United States*, an American lieutenant, a Mr. Nicholson, descended the hatchway and saluted our surgeon with "How do you do, doctor?" "Enough to do," replied the latter, shaking his head thoughtfully. "You have made wretched work for us."—Remember these gentlemen were not strangers, for when the *Macedonian* was at Hampton Roads the commanders and officers of the two frigates had exchanged many visits.

Most of our officers and men were taken on board the American frigate, but a few, including myself, were left to assist in caring for the wounded, who kept our surgeons busily employed until late at night.

When the prize crew boarded us the utmost good will prevailed. We took hold and helped cleanse the ship, using hot vinegar to take the blood stains from the planks; also assisted in refitting; and the latter being finished, both ships sailed in company toward the American coast.

All thought of the fact we had so recently been flying at one another's throats, so to speak, was forgotten, and we became fast friends—we ate and drank together, joked, laughed, told yarns and argued over the fight from our respective national stand-

points. Indeed, our officers and crew alike were treated as if they were honoured guests instead of prisoners of war.

Commodore Decatur proved himself a gentleman as well as hero in his treatment of the conquered; and when our Captain Carden sought to deliver up his sword, at the same time exclaiming he was an "undone man," and the first British naval officer to strike his flag to an American, the Commodore refused to receive, or immediately returned it, replying: "You are mistaken, sir; your *Guerrière* has been taken by us, and consequently the flag of that frigate struck before yours." This somewhat revived the spirit of our commander, though he was still greatly mortified at the loss of his ship.

While making our way toward port, the *Macedonian*, in spite of the fact she was now merely a patched-up wreck, proved far superior to her captor in point of sailing, and it was highly evident if we had been disposed to avoid the fight it could have been done with all imaginable ease; but then this would have justly entailed great disgrace while capture did not. Indeed, the American frigate had always been a dull sailer, so much so she was called by her crew the "Old Waggon." Whenever a boat came alongside our frigate and the boatswain's mate piped away, he always ended his *K-week, K-week-week-week* with: "Away, Waggoners, away!"—instead of "Away, *United States* men, away!" The officers sometimes rebuked him, but when they did it was in a way as to show they enjoyed the joke, and consequently it was repeated on every occasion.

There was every reason why the *United States* proved the winning ship. She was not only larger in size and more numerous in men, but stronger built than the *Macedonian*. Another fact in her favour was that our Captain at first mistook her for the *Essex*, which carried short carronades, hence engaged her first at long range, for as we had the weather-gage we could have taken whatever position we pleased. By this manœuvre, however,

he not only wasted shot, but gave the *United States* a great advantage, as she actually carried larger metal, and when in close action her shot went through and through the *Macedonian*, while most of ours only stuck in her sides and fell harmlessly into the water. Her superiority both in men and guns is evidenced by the fact she carried a crew of four hundred and fifty men and fifty-four guns—long twenty-four pounders on the spar deck, and forty-two-pound carronades on the fore-castle and quarter-deck, while we carried but forty-nine guns—long eighteens, on the main deck, and thirty-two-pound carronades on the quarter-deck and fore-castle—and our total number of hands, including officers, men and boys, was but three hundred.*

Our voyage was one of considerable excitement since the sea swarmed with our own cruisers, and it was extremely doubtful whether the *United States* could elude their grasp and reach port with her prize. Nevertheless we arrived in soundings off the Island of Nantucket, and soon were sailing up Long Island Sound toward New London. The *United States* succeeded in entering the latter port, but, owing to a sudden shift of wind, the *Macedonian* was obliged to lay off and on for several hours when, had an English frigate found her, recapture would have been a simple and easy matter, to which, moreover, we would not in the least have objected. But after several hours' backing and filling, the prize officer in charge decided to run for Newport, R.I., which harbour we entered, firing a salute as we came to anchor, that was promptly returned from the fort.

Here the wounded were all carried on shore; likewise such of our officers as remained on board were transferred to other quarters. A few days later we were again under way and ran down to New London, off which port a signal gun was fired and answered by the *United States*, which soon joined us; then both ships sailed in company to

New York. Here after a few weeks we were placed aboard a cartel and forwarded to Halifax for exchange; and glad enough we were to find ourselves under our own flag once more.

NOTE.—The *Macedonian* is still in possession of the Naval Authorities of the United States, and up to within a few months ago formed an active integral part of the Naval Academy Squadron, another notable ship of the same fleet being the frigate *Constitution*, better known, perhaps, as "Old Ironsides." At the close of the late American Civil War, when the Naval Academy was returned from Newport, Rhode Island, to its *ante bellum* station at Annapolis, Maryland, these two survivors of a previous conflict, surprised the naval world by logging, under their own sails, *thirteen knots*—a rate of sailing that would, at this time, have been deemed excellent for any steam propeller craft of any naval power in the world.

Latterly there has been a talk of breaking up the *Macedonian*, but this has been sedulously opposed, especially by naval officers who, as cadets, had quarters on this grand old ship.

The following is the official report of the conflict taken *verbatim* from the Admiralty Records:—

U. S. FRIGATE UNITED STATES,
At Sea, October 25th, 1812.

To John Wilson Croker, Esq.,
High Lord of Admiralty.

SIR,—It is with the deepest regret I have to acquaint you, for the information of my Lord's Commission of Admiralty, that His Majesty's late ship *Macedonian* was captured on the 25th instant by the United States ship *United States*, Commodore Decatur commander. The details are as follows:—

A short time after daylight, steering N.W. by W., with the wind from the southward, in latitude 29° N. and longitude 29°30' W., in the execution of their Lordships' orders, a sail was seen on the lee beam, which I immediately stood for, and made her out to be a large frigate under American colours. At nine o'clock I closed with her, and she commenced the action which we returned; but from the enemy keeping two points off the wind, I was not enabled to get as close to her as I would have wished. After an hour's action, the enemy backed and came to the wind, and I was thus enabled to bring her to close battle. In this situation I soon found the enemy's force too superior to expect success unless some very fortunate chance occurred in our favour, and with this hope I continued the battle to two hours and ten minutes, when, having the mizzen mast shot away by the board, top-masts shot away by the caps, main yard shot in

* This statement is fully corroborated by certain American authors, notably Bancroft, and also Lossing.—AUTHOR.

pieces, lower masts badly wounded, lower rigging all cut to pieces, a small proportion only of the fore-sail left to the fore-yard, all the guns on the quarter-deck and fore-castle disabled but two, and filled with wreck, two also on the main deck disabled, and several shot between wind and water, a very great proportion of the crew killed and wounded, and the enemy comparatively in good order, who had now shot ahead, and was about to place himself in a raking position, without being enabled to return the fire, being a perfect wreck and unmanageable log, I deemed it prudent, though a painful extremity, to surrender His Majesty's ship; nor was this dreadful alternative resorted to till every hope of success was removed, even beyond the reach of chance; not till, I trust their Lordships will be aware, every effort had been made against the enemy by myself and my brave officers and men, nor should she have been surrendered whilst a man lived on board, had she been manageable. I am sorry to say our loss is very severe; I find by this day's muster thirty-six killed, three of whom lingered a short time after the battle; thirty-six severely wounded, many of whom cannot recover, and thirty-two slightly wounded, who may all do well; total, one hundred and four.

The true, noble, and animating conduct of my officers, the steady bravery of my crew to the last moments of the battle, must ever render them dear to their country.

My first lieutenant, David Hope, was severely wounded in the head, toward the close of the battle, and taken below, but was soon again on deck, displaying that greatness of mind and exertion which, though it may be equalled, can never be excelled. The third lieutenant, John Bulford, was also wounded, but not obliged to quit his quarters. Second Lieutenant Samuel Mottley and he deserved my highest acknowledgment. The cool and steady conduct of Mr. Walker, the master, was very great during the battle, as also that of Lieutenants Wilson and Magill, of the marines.

On being taken on board the enemy's ship, I ceased to wonder at the result of the battle. The *United States* is built with the scantling of a seventy-four gun ship, mounting thirty long twenty-four pounders (English ship guns) on her main deck, and twenty-two forty-two pounder carronades, with two long twenty-four pounders on her quarter-deck and fore-castle, howitzer guns in her tops, a travelling carronade on her upper deck, with a complement of four hundred and seventy-eight picked men.

The enemy has suffered much in masts, rigging and hull above and below water. Her loss in killed and wounded I am not aware of, but I know a lieutenant and six men have been thrown overboard.

(Signed) JOHN S. CARDEN,
Post Captain R.N.

MONTREAL.

REIGN on, majestic Ville-Marie !
 Spread wide thy ample robes of state ;
 The heralds cry that thou art great,
 And proud are thy young sons of thee.
 Mistress of half a continent,
 Thou risest from thy girlhood's rest ;
 We see thee conscious heave thy breast
 And feel thy rank and thy descent.
 Sprung of the Saint and the Chevalier,
 And with the Scarlet Tunic wed !
 Mount Royal's crown upon thy head ;
 And past thy footstool, broad and clear,
 St. Lawrence sweeping to the sea :
 Reign on, majestic Ville-Marie !

—William Douw Lighthall.

A MAID *and* TWO SWORDS



By

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS



MADemoiselle DE LALANNE was in a gay mood that night. She was very happy, and might therefore have been expected to be kind. On the contrary, with a woman's title to the unexpected, she was filled for the moment with a kind of radiant malice; an impulse to be delicately cruel lurked behind the tender scarlet curve of her lips, and the wide innocence of her bewildering eyes hid very successfully a merciless desire to wound the two men who hung upon her words. From time to time, after a coquetry more audacious than usual, she would glance half-repentantly at the closed door, as if looking for yet another visitor. Her mother, Madame de Lalanne, an elderly gentlewoman of Quebec, who had declined into a rustic dulness after years of life among the good country-folk of Acadia, dozed over her knitting beside the ample hearth.

Mademoiselle was dressed in a shortish skirt of the pattern worn by the country girls. The material, however, was not of the coarse wool of the district, but a heavy homespun linen bleached to the tint of cream; the bodice was of the same stuff, with sleeves turned back at the elbows to show arms that were slim almost to thinness, but milk-white and bewitchingly moulded. Over her shoulders was thrown carelessly a shawl of fine silk, black, but no blacker than the silken hair above it. On her small, slim feet, one of which kept restlessly tapping the floor, she wore shoes of fine scarlet leather. These little shoes every girl in Acadia had heard of and

discussed with jealous admiration; but few indeed, even of the Grand Pré maids, had seen them, for the De Lalannes, mindful of their past seignorial pride, maintained much of their aloofness amid their changed fortunes.

Beautiful as was her face, broad-browed, finely chiselled, white with the warm whiteness of ivory, it was above all her eyes that made Marie de Lalanne the wonder of all Acadia. When she turned their dark radiance from time to time full upon her two cavaliers, both felt their hearts jump painfully, and each burned with a fierce impulse to pitch the other from the nearest window.

This tempting window, low and broad, looked out across a snowy slope that sparkled under the full moon. At the foot of the slope, visible from mademoiselle's chair, a close hedge of young fir-trees hid the channel of the Gaspereau River. A sullen grinding roar from the flood-tide achafé among the ice-cakes was heard in the quiet room whenever the light talk flagged. It flagged often, as moments of absent-mindedness crossed mademoiselle's whimsical mood; but it never flagged for long, seeing that it was her pleasure to be gay that night. The white moonlight, too, came in through the window and mixed curiously with the leaping red firelight and the pale yellow of the two candles that stood on the brick chimney-piece, and added inextricable complications to the enigmatic lights that flamed softly from mademoiselle's eyes.

The two young men upon whose passions she was playing so recklessly

had come to Grand Pré village that same evening from opposite directions. Both had made all haste out over the hill to the old farmhouse by the Gaspareau. Captain Barras, journeying on snow-shoes from the French post at Chignecto, had arrived first, flushed with elation at finding mademoiselle alone—for Madame de Lalanne was ever too sunk in old dreams to count as a personality. Scarcely had he bowed his devoirs over the little restless white hand which mademoiselle was wont to use as mercilessly as her eyes, when there came from the hunting-fields behind La Hève the spare, sombre-suited, silent figure of Jean Michel Landry de Latour, the proud and impoverished descendant of the De Latours of Port Royal and St. John.

Now, on the coming of Captain Barras, mademoiselle had not been over-gracious. She had been merely *ennuyée*. It was when De Latour arrived that the caprice of gaiety had seized upon her. What were these unencouraged suitors for, indeed, if not to furnish amusement through the hour of waiting before her? On the instant she was all gracious.

"I trust your absence from Grand Pré has not seemed so long to you as it has to us, monsieur!" she murmured, as De Latour kissed her finger-tips and shot a glance of dark disdain at Barras.

The captain's mouth grew dry suddenly, as he perceived in this changed demeanour of his hostess an explanation of the chill civility which had greeted his own arrival. But in the next moment those resistless eyes flashed upon him something that thrilled like a caress; and straightway remembering all that he was and his rival was not—rich, handsome, and in high favour with the Governor at Quebec—he returned the new-comer's glance with interest.

When mademoiselle presented the two, De Latour's curt formality was a veiled declaration of war, while the elaborate courtesy of Barras was an exquisite insolence. And mademoiselle was sinfully delighted.

The demeanour of the two men contrasted sharply. Barras, not long from the revels and lightness of Quebec, hung boldly on mademoiselle's glances, and his vanity was facile game to her. He could not take his eyes from her face, except to dart an occasional look of supercilious impatience at the intruder who, as he now felt convinced, alone stood in the way of his conquest. De Latour, on the other hand, while ever seeking the glances which enthralled him, seemed ever unable to endure their light. Whenever he encountered them he would drop his own eyes—and quietly fearless eyes they were in the customary matters of battle and peril—from the too dazzling brilliancy of her face to the daintiness of her scarlet shoes. He seldom troubled to look at his rival; but his reserve managed somehow to express quite unmeasured depths of contempt. He spoke little, even to mademoiselle, but that little always had point. The burden of the conversation was borne by Barras, who had a flow of glittering compliment at command. Mademoiselle de Lalanne had but to direct the game, now with deft turn of phrase, now with a smile, now with a swift look; and with such wicked nicety of skill did she direct it that within the half-hour the air of that peaceful chamber seemed full of swords. At this point, however, she kept things under curb, so that neither man dared in the least degree ruffle the shining surface of civility which she had spread between them. Madame de Lalanne sank so deep into her dreams that her knitting fell unheeded to the floor, and was seized upon by a gratified black kitten. One of the candles on the chimneypiece guttered spitefully and went out. The ghostly patch of moonlight moved across the floor till it touched and paled the scarlet of mademoiselle's shoes. Then, on a sudden, just as she opened her lips for some sally more sweetly envenomed than any that had gone before, the faint sound of a footstep in another part of the house caught her ear. No one else heard it; but it was what she was

waiting for. Her face softened, and she sprang up.

"Excuse me, messieurs," she said hastily; "I have forgotten something." And in a breath she was gone, closing the door behind her, and leaving the two men to stand with blank faces staring after her.

So they stood for a moment, then turned to each other. De Latour spoke first.

"Your society is distasteful to me, Captain Barras!" said he coldly.

"I can quite imagine it, monsieur!" murmured Barras, with the most courteous intonation. "Different, I suppose, from that to which you are accustomed!"

De Latour smiled grimly. Mere verbal repartee seemed to him little worth while when the retort of the sword was in question.

"Nevertheless," said he, "I could tolerate it for a short time under other conditions. Behind yonder fir-trees there is a level space by the side of the water, where the moon shines clearly. I could meet you there with pleasure, so it be at once, monsieur!"

Barras's bold eyes flashed. This was just what he wanted. Yet, for the mere insolence of it, he affected to hesitate.

"Your appearance is against you, monsieur," he drawled; "but—yes, you are received by Mademoiselle de Lalanne, and therefore I may without dishonour cross swords with you. His Excellency would understand, I am sure." Suddenly dropping his fine manners, he went out brusquely, leaving De Latour to follow. But the iron face of the wood-ranger (for such he was) was untroubled by the insult. He felt only compassion for the ignorance of a Canadian who knew not the precedence of the De Latours.

The two strode in silence, side by side, down the crispy glittering slope, their distorted black shadows dancing grotesquely behind them. When they were within about a hundred paces of the fir-grove Mademoiselle de Lalanne returned to the room they had so hastily forsaken. Her face was now

more softly radiant, and the laughing malice had died out of her eyes. Close at her skirts came a tall, fair-haired, ruddy-featured man, with "English" written large all over him. His eyes rested for a moment on madame's slumbering form in her big chair, then swept the empty spaces quizzically.

"Your fine birds have flown, sweetheart!" he exclaimed, with a boyish laugh.

Mademoiselle was at the window in time to note the direction of their flight. At a glance she understood the imminent results of her coquetry. Pale with sudden fear, she turned and clutched her companion's arm.

"Oh Jack!" she cried, "they have gone away to fight. Quick! quick! stop them!"

The Englishman laughed again—but very softly, so as not to waken madame—and looked down into her face. He was thinking of her eyes, of her lips; and he only half-heard her words.

"Stop what?" he asked, stooping with a swift movement to kiss her. But she sprang back, angry and frightened.

"Stop them, I say, Jack. They are going to fight, and perhaps they'll kill each other; and it's all my fault. I've been very wicked. Oh! I'll go myself;" and she darted out of the room.

At this he awoke. He caught her before she was out of the house, and clutched her firmly.

"It's an awkward thing, sweet," said he, "to interfere between two indignant gentlemen who have a right to disagree in their own way. But if you say so, I'll do it. What shall I say to them? How is it your fault?"

"Oh, stupid! can't you see how wicked I've been? I've made them both think I cared for them; I've made them furiously jealous! I was so tired waiting for you to come! And now if they're killed I'll never speak to you again."

Jack Moleby's face broke into a grin of delighted comprehension.

"Wretch," he retorted, "I go!" and made off down the snow with long

strides. Throwing a hooded cloak about her and thrusting her feet, red shoes and all, into a pair of white furlined moccasins, mademoiselle sped after him.

The winter air was crisp and clear, and with a fine frosty sting in it. There was no wind whatever. There was no sound but the grinding of the tide among the ice-cakes. The light was almost like full day in the little white glade where the two Frenchmen faced each other with swords at the salute. The next moment the sibilant whisper of the steel began, deadly in its soft reserve; and the easy superciliousness of the smile on Barras's lips changed to a look as stern as his adversary's as he felt the dangerous competence of the wrist opposed to him.

The two fought in their vests, their coats lying upon the snow near by. In skill they appeared to be well matched; and De Latour, who had never before met any one at all his equal in fence, began to conceive an unwilling respect for the coxcomb captain. In fact, he had just, by the merest hair-breadth, escaped a scratch; when, from the edge of the grove, a voice of sharp authority rang out "Halt!" and Captain Jack's tall figure appeared suddenly beside them.

With instant and instinctive obedience both men sprang back and dropped their points; then, in the next second, both turned indignantly upon the intruder.

"Who are you, sir?" demanded De Latour curtly.

"And by what right, if I may ask, do you interfere in our pastime?" inquired Barras.

Captain Jack who was more embarrassed than he would have cared to show, chose to answer the latter question.

"By no right, gentlemen," he replied heartily; "and I beg to apologise in the fullest manner I know, too. I owe you satisfaction for my abruptness, and of course I am quite ready to afford it to you both if you demand it. But I beg you rather to accept my apology."

"We can discuss that later on," said De Latour in tones of ice; "and meanwhile, Captain Barras, with your consent, we will resume."

But before the blades could cross again the Englishman stepped forward sharply, his own sword half-drawn.

"Really, gentlemen," he began, in a voice of mastery, "I must insist that you stop fighting. No more of it, I say!" and his blood began to get hot. Then he remembered that he would certainly not be fulfilling Marie's wishes if he should himself kill one, or perhaps both, of these impetuous and infatuated Frenchmen; and the thought gave him pause. He considered the situation very awkward altogether.

Both men faced him. "This is astonishing, truly," exclaimed Barras, with a biting sneer. "I think we had better have an explanation before we go on with our own affair."

But now Jack Moleby had an inspiration. He would try diplomacy. Replacing his sword, and relapsing into his customary large good-humour, he smiled genially upon the scowling faces.

"You see, gentlemen, I hated to disturb you, but I had to do as I was commanded. Mademoiselle de Lallanne sent me with positive orders to stop the fight at any cost. In my stupidity I thought I might have to fight you both, in order to obey her. But I should have known, as soon as I saw the courtly gentlemen you were, that my effective weapon would be the expression of her wishes. She simply implores you, if her happiness is of any concern to you, that you will do each other no injury. She beseeches you to promise that you will put your quarrel, whatever it may be, for ever by; without which promise she declares that she will live in ceaseless anxiety. I think, gentlemen, from my observation of her solicitude in this matter, that one or the other of you must be honoured by a very distinguished place in her regard."

Each, on hearing these sagacious words, conceived himself to be the one so honoured. Into De Latour's cold eyes came a gleam of elation.

"Mademoiselle de Lalanne's wishes are a command, monsieur," said he, sheathing his sword. "I need no apology from you for having obeyed them. Rather should I wish to hold you to account had you failed to fulfill them to the letter."

"I thank you, monsieur, with all my heart," replied Captain Jack, bowing, and biting back a smile. "And you, monsieur," he went on, turning to Barras, "have I grace from you also for my somewhat blundering zeal?"

Barras's face, no longer that of the fearless and inexorable swordsman, wore now a simper of pleased vanity. The coxcomb was back.

"Mademoiselle's wishes are my law," said he, bowing elaborately; "and he who carries them out is my ensample."

With another ceremony to De Latour he slipped his sword back into its place, as if to say, "Let there be peace between us."

At this moment mademoiselle came tripping from the grove, the hood of her cloak half-fallen back from her hair. She came up to the Englishman's side, and laid her hand lightly on his arm. Upon the two swordsmen she turned a smile of subjugating sweetness.

"With all my heart I thank you, gentlemen," she said, "for your graci-

ous courtesy in yielding to my wishes. Let us go back to the house, and I will ask you to take a glass of wine with me to the long continuance of friendship between two such gallant gentlemen as I well know you to be."

Both men stood bowing, each with his hand on his heart, and each boiling inwardly at sight of those small fingers on the Englishman's sleeve. There was a brief pause, during which mademoiselle flushed faintly and her eyelids fluttered down. Then she went on steadily:

"And let me present to you, Captain Barras, and to you, Monsieur De Latour, my dear friend Captain Moleby, of the English garrison at Halifax. It is my prayer, gentlemen, that when your flag and his are again at war, as is like to be soon, he may not find such swords as yours opposed him, for he is my betrothed. I commend him to your kind goodwill."

The two Frenchmen met each other's eyes with a glance of mutual comprehension, murmured some inarticulate compliments, and hid their discomfiture in the final bitterness of permitting Captain Jack to help them on with their coats.

It was one of the triumphs of Captain Jack Moleby's career that he did not smile.

CHUCKIE.

THE STORY OF A WAIF.

By B. Kelly.

I PICKED him up one dismal November night, when I was taking one of my usual aimless tramps through the poorer districts of the great city. A poor little morsel of a chap, he looked up appealingly into my face as I stepped into the miserable alleyway where he sat trembling with cold and uncertainty. As I looked down upon the wretched, ill-clad figure, the vision of another wee lad rose before me—a tattered, barefoot boy, tramping sturdily over miles of dusty, country road, with the lights of the city gleam-

ing like a beacon in the darkness of the falling night.

Perhaps it was because this tiny lad reminded me of myself, years ago, that my heart warmed towards him. I do not know. Suffice it to say that I took his hand in mine and led him out of the darkness of the noisome place into the bright street—into the glow of the lamps—into the swiftly moving car, and finally, home. And a wee, patterning dog that had shrunk, whimpering, at his feet, followed us.

My landlady shrank back in horror

at the sight of my charge, but a few words from me sent her, grumbling slightly, but readily withal, to the preparation of a meal; and as the tired outcast despatched it I sat and watched him, musingly.

A bath was next in order, and a change of raiment, the latter being unearthed from some old belongings of my landlady's sons. He went into the bath a dirty street arab. He came out of it a sweet, pale-faced boy—somebody's son. His eyes were blue as the sky, and his curling hair swept a forehead marvellously white.

He did not know his own name, but the boys called him "Chuckie." He was most nine, he said, and he had always lived in the streets and alleyways. He sold papers sometimes, but the boys often stole them from him because he was a weak little fellow and could not defend himself. When I spied him out he had crept into his dark corner to spend the night, supperless. He remembered someone singing to him, long, long ago, someone dressed in white, he said, like the lay figures in the big stores.

All this he told me, and then his head began to droop, and my landlady, softened now, picked him up in her arms, good soul that she was, and carried him upstairs to bed.

Long after, I sat by the fire, pondering deeply, so that my pipe went out several times. Across the street there were lights in the basement of a church, and I heard the roll of the organ, and the softer notes of women's voices. It was a missionary meeting, and they were sending men and women to far-away lands, to feed, clothe and educate the benighted heathen. And here in their midst were children of their own race, unheeded, unfed and unclothed, scouring the streets for bread and sleeping nightly in foul and noxious dens. But the organ pealed still, and the soft voices of the singers rolled out upon the night:

"God be with you till we meet again."

For many days Chickie, as I now called him, was ill, but gradually he

picked up, though a hacking cough still clung to him. It was difficult to break up his old habits. The vocabulary of the streets still clung to him, and often he would startle my landlady with an outburst of slang phrases. Finally, however, I weaned him from this, and slowly and carefully I moulded his untutored mind. I taught him to read, so that he could enjoy simple books, and he would pore over them for hours. But his great delight was to listen to my story-telling, and he would sit by my side entranced while I related to him stories I had read in my younger days. I also read stories to him out of the Holy Book, and he was particularly interested in David and Goliath. When I had exhausted all my stock of memorized tales he would say, "Now read to me about Coliar."

And then, as the months rolled by, what rambles we had in the country, where I took him for a long visit! Hour after hour he would follow me about the fields, always plodding steadily by my side, listening to my stories about the birds, and watching with eager interest, as I whipped the brook for speckled trout. And then as the shadows began to fall, he would take my hand and walk home silently, sitting by my side afterwards to watch the yellow moon rise over the hills.

But ah! that hacking cough that never left him. As the weeks rolled along he grew gradually weaker and could no longer follow me; so I remained in the house with him, reading to him, and amusing him in various ways.

One night towards the close of summer I sat beside his bed in his own little room. The window was open, so that the moonlight flooded the room and lit up his pale countenance. He slipped his hand into mine, and lay for a long time silent.

"You have been very good to me," he exclaimed suddenly, "no one was ever good to me before." Then the grasp of the boy's hand tightened and relaxed. But I sat far into the night, still holding the little hand.

ON HEMLOCK FEATHERS.

By N. Percy Chambers.

THERE is a time, a Paradisiacal time, when yearly, in spite of sin actual and original, some favoured ones are allowed a fore-gleam of the splendour, and a fore-taste of the happiness of the beatified. When the sombre, straight-laced old world puts on a special livery of scarlet and gold, the King's livery, relieved here and there by a bit of melting blue, and, cackling in sunny glee, stands ready to serve health and joy to well-conditioned and properly constituted men. When the plaintive call of the plover and the snipe plead with the happily-favoured mortal, begging him to remember that out of the blue of heaven or of the water, doth come fowl fair to the eye and to the taste, while the gallant buck pivots his inquisitive ear to catch the grumbling chatter of the ruffled grouse, who is sure that some naughty creature is going to make personal observation of her housekeeping arrangements. Then does the sensible mortal heed nature's "*carpe diem*," and accepting her invitation, bring his things and stay a week or a month in her hospitable quarters. And it is then he becomes seized of the wisdom of the city men of Ephesus, whose tutelary deity, Diana, the huntress, was also "the personification of the fructifying and all nourishing powers of nature."

Where is the poet of robust daring who "*recubans sub tegmine fagi*," if he will, shall preserve in sounding verse the glory of the revelation the sylvan muse the Autumn Northland proffers of a beauty-loving Father of Joyfulness? Or, who having felt the charm will not lend a hand to induce some office-ground, city slave to stop that everlasting courting of pelf, and get that woodland apocalypse into his own soul. And, oh! the blessed comfort of hav-

ing a private gallery of perfect pictures, originals every one, there, whither the jaded or anxious mind can turn during the dark days, and draw reminiscent draughts of splendid happiness from the contemplation.

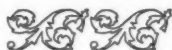
It does not really matter much what excuse you take, so long as you do get out into nature's gaudily-decorated resting-place. Some make deer their objectives, others put their trust in partridges and number eight cartridges, others take heavier ammunition and shaggy dogs, and lie in wait for ducks, or Canada brant. I prefer change, variety, and believe in the tent pitched on the bright green, betokening a nearby spring, and close beside a clear, blue lake, fringed with russet and gold and scarlet. There while my chef prepares the *buillon* for dinner, from the spoils of the journey hitherward, will I launch my bark canoe and wile away the waiting hours in seducing the spotted beauties of the deep to get themselves ready for breakfast, a Greener at hand in case some blundering black duck should *more suo* prematurely disturb the afternoon calm. And then when done is your watch beside the promising run-way, or the race after your partridge-setter; or your respects paid to the incoming ducks—then the blazing fire, the pipe of peace, the teaspoonful of something to keep out the cold, and the crowning luxury of rest in your only perfect bed, with feathers a foot or two deep, plucked from an attendant hemlock tree. Just such a bed, believe me, the laughing wood nymphs prepared for the ruddy Pomona in the olden time, when stout old Sylvanus did his company-keeping. Talk about sinking into the arms of Morpheus, the man never tried a bed of hemlock boughs after a good day's sport, who invented the phrase. *Atra cura* may perch along-

side if she will, the Father of Lies himself croak at your ears all night, the necromancy of the hemlock will transmute them into lullaby sprites, and you will rise early in the morning, free from haunting anxiety, with clear brain, and good appetite.

Take your map and hunt for such lake names as Pemichongon, De-Rat, Danford, Thirty-one Mile, etc., in the north land beyond Ottawa, and you find the district I mean. What memories the names awaken! What horrors two of us "greenies" suffered on our first expedition, when we waited in the thick darkness for the nearer approach of a deep-breathing creature, evidently smelling us out, until the damp nose of a cow protruded itself into the tent. And we found next day that we had, after six hours' tramp, made our bed within ten acres of our temporary boarding-house. I sometimes chuckle now over the funk in which I awoke one fine night to find the wrinkled old face of an Indian hag who had searched my belongings, and was now searching my person for some more of the Pain-killer, indiscreetly administered to her the previous day, when we met thirty miles away from that resting-place. And I remember being misled by the beauty of a moonlight July night in September, into sleeping on my blanket in the open, and being awakened by a sniffling, to find a pleasant-looking young black bear watching by my side. How gaily he sailed away after our mutual surveys. I am thankful to this day that I did not hurt him, and glad, too, that he didn't hurt me.

Does little Ben, I wonder, amid the excitement of his gold hunting, remember that glorious morning when Mac's bark awoke us announcing that he had treed half-a-dozen partridges right above our tent ridge? Or, that

early morning when Beaudouin drew aside the curtained door to announce that he had lost the flour at some portage, and that salt and sugar had "got hisself run all to water?" We were three days from a house then I remember. There is quite a tribe of tent-dwellers in this very house. Curious folk with quaint recollections of woodland and lake, gravely produced at the dining room, bedtime, and occasionally at the lesson hour. Envious I find are these people of the old patriarchs, whose lives were continuous rounds of holidays spent in camping out, but withal somewhat pitiful too of the lot who had to be content with but one tree to camp beside, and no hemlock for their beds. Between us we managed to inveigle the deputy head of the household into an expedition with us, one season. That high and mighty person, I regret to say, deliberately sniffed at our bed-making, and announced as she wrapped the blankets around her "this is the first time I ever tried to sleep on tree bristles, and it will be the last." And just as we expected she remained on with us, with constantly increasing content for thirty nights, and has become one of the hemlock-loving fraternity herself now. But I cannot forget that not a single deer fell to my gun last season, that I did not always fire in time at the swirling ducks, and that the Doctor hints that still fishing is very fair sport, and wonders I don't take to it. And Mac is dead, and Ben has become a grown man and is athirst for gold, and Joe Beaudouin has a dozen half-breed children to cater for, and as I think of the land where the streets are avenues of trees, I notice with gladness that so far as I can see that land of the setting sun is a place of perpetual scarlet and gold.



CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD

by W. Sanford Evans

LORD ROBERTS is as fearless in his dealings with his supporters as in his dealings with his foes. For a man of his natural kindliness it required more courage to write his comments on the despatches of Generals Buller, Warren, and Gatacre, and to condemn by silence the despatch of Lord Methuen, than to rescue a standard and win the Victoria Cross. It is positively bracing to see that a man can be thus uncompromising when a duty is recognized. With the official despatches before us and Lord Robert's judgment upon them there is ample justification for even stronger language than has been used before in these columns with regard to the conduct of the early part of the war. The action of the War Office in publishing this official correspondence at a critical stage of the war has been criticized, but it was, I am convinced, dictated by sound policy. If it had been held back until the conclusion of the war the effect would have been almost wholly lost. As it is, the British people have been shocked by it into the proper temper of mind to insist on reforms; the British generals have been thoroughly awakened to the fact that no army red-tapeism can save them if they display incompetence; and the foreign world, which had already formed its opinion of the average British general, instead of being adversely impressed, will be inspired with a fresh respect for the exceptional British general and for the people that can, without fear of consequences, thus lay its shortcomings open to all eyes. If the War Office and the Government at the same time partially relieve themselves of responsibility, this is only a fortunate incident for them and should not weigh against

the substantial public grounds for their action.

One interesting effect of Lord Roberts' unsparing, though dispassionate, censures will be to break down whatever hesitation there was on the part of the public to criticize and condemn. If three or four prominent generals can blunder, so can others. Perhaps Lord Roberts himself can blunder. Perhaps he has already blundered, or why a month's inaction just when there was the opportunity, by a few swift, hard blows, to end all formidable resistance? Lord Roberts performed a great service to his country by judging others, but he must expect now to be himself judged. Is there good reason to question his capacity on the ground of his unpreparedness to take advantage of the disorganized and disheartened condition of the Boers? He was certainly unready to push forward from Bloemfontein, and the delay gave the Boers a chance to regain their spirit, make new dispositions of their forces, obtain one or two minor successes and win back to their ranks many who had laid down their arms. Is it a valid excuse to say that he could not obtain horses or supplies? Should not a commander provide beforehand for every probable requirement? In view of all we now know about the situation, adverse criticism of Lord Roberts is unwarranted. It must be remembered that he did not have charge of the campaign from its inception, nor did he direct the War Office. When he took charge there were certain things urgently in need of doing. Ladysmith, Kimberley, and Mafeking required to be relieved, and the Boers had to be driven out of Cape Colony

to prevent further disaffection among the Dutch colonists. With the exception of the relief of Mafeking he accomplished these objects in a masterly style with the materials he had at hand, and he then took the time he could well afford to take in order to fully equip himself for future operations. During the past month he has attempted nothing but preparation and we can judge how well he has done this only when he moves forward again. To the impatient British public the delay has been long and wearing, and the heedlessness of subordinate officers, which caused the minor disasters at Mealispruit and Reddersburg, has been most irritating. To Lord Roberts, we may be sure, all this has been no less trying, and the confident self-restraint he has manifested is, perhaps, a better evidence of his capacity than anything he has yet done.

In these circumstances only a few isolated events bearing on the situation need be noticed. Mafeking has neither been relieved nor captured. Colonel Plumer has been checked on the north, and nothing is known, this side of the press censor, of the force that it is hoped is approaching from the south. As no report has come from Pretoria of the defeat of such a force, it is only too probable that it has not yet been despatched. A British advance detachment, under Colonel Broadwood, finding Thaba Nchu untenable, fell back towards Bloemfontein and walked into an ambush in a most melodramatic fashion. If it had been planned as a part of field-day exercises it could hardly have been a more complete success. At Reddersburg a small British force was surrounded and captured after it had expended all its ammunition. General Gatacre was apparently held responsible for leaving it unsupported, for he has been sent back to England. These, however, are mere incidents, and are important only as further testimony that British officers are not all either so competent as they ought to be, or so careful as their ex-

perience in this war should have taught them to be. They are evidences, too, of the reviving spirit of the Boers and are sources of fresh encouragement. General Joubert's death is certainly a loss to the Boer cause. It would seem that he was not so popular among his countrymen as some of the other generals, but this may be a tribute to his wisdom, for he probably restrained their rashness. He was undoubtedly an able leader, and won the respect of his enemies as no other Boer has ever done. The comments of the British press at the time of his death were thoroughly appreciative, and were notable, inasmuch as they showed that the British people is big enough to grant due merit to a foeman.

Of more general concern than these events were the announcements of the finding of the arbitrators in the Delagoa Bay Railway dispute and of the arrangement between Britain and Portugal by which British troops could be transported from Beira across Portuguese territory into Rhodesia. The history of the Delagoa Bay Railway case was given in this department in February. The award to the claimants of only a little over \$3,000,000 was far below expectations. To a certain extent this is a private matter, but it had international bearings. If the award had been greater Portugal would have had difficulty in raising it, and would probably have been persuaded to sell Delagoa Bay to Britain. This was the outcome hoped for by the British people and feared by the Transvaal, and by the unfriendly foreign powers. Britain was waiting for the award before definitely securing a route to the Transvaal from the east. The promptness with which the Beira arrangement was concluded and announced shows that alternatives had been considered and all preliminaries arranged. When the whole truth is known, perhaps it will be found that Beira is to remain British. Portugal cannot well refuse Britain anything, because she can continue to exist only through Britain's support. Just what



COMING DOWN FROM HIS PEDESTAL.

How the cartoonist of the Chicago *Tribune* regards Admiral Dewey's decision to seek the nomination as Democratic candidate for presidential honours.

part the troops being sent in by this route are intended to play in the war remains to be seen. As soon as they reach Bulawayo the railway will be open to them down to the point now held by Colonel Plumer, and they may be entrusted with the relief of Mafeking, as a first object, and may then co-operate in the attack on Pretoria; or it may be that a portion of the force will be left along the northern border of the Transvaal to prevent another trek of the Boers. It is not too much to believe that the Boers have entertained, as a last resort, the idea of a trek northward to the regions beyond effective British occupation, where they might come into touch with the German or Belgian spheres of influence

and in the years to come prove an even more dangerous menace to peace than they have in the past. The Transvaal is much exercised over this new arrangement and France and Russia are far from pleased; but the strong British fleet in African waters was not despatched there solely as a hint that it would be unsafe to attempt to interfere with the transports.

Are Russia and Japan on the eve of war? Relations between these countries are more strained, but war is hardly probable just now, chiefly because neither power feels ready to fight the other. The latest cause of friction is Russia's recent demands upon Korea. The most important of these demands is that Korea shall not alienate to any other power, in any form, the island of Kojedo or any portion thereof. This is diplomatic lan-

guage for a demand that Korea shall alienate this island to Russia as soon as Russia thinks the way is clear to take possession. But this island commands the Korean Straits, and across the straits lies the kingdom of Japan. If Japan controls the Korean Straits Russia will have no free ocean route between Vladivostok and Port Arthur; and if Russia controls them Japan will always be open to attack. A less serious conflict of interests has often produced war. In other respects, too, Russia is extending her influence in Korea. This, in itself, must always be resented by Japan, which has strong sentimental as well as practical relations with that country. Japan fought China over Korea, and was then de-

prived of the fruits of victory by the intervention of Russia; and in the distant past the intellectual and social bonds between the two countries were close. The Balkan states are always more or less disturbed, and trouble will arise in that quarter at some time. Servia and Bulgaria have both been making preparations, but for what no one seems to know. Of other foreign happenings perhaps the most pleasing was the debate in the French Senate, during the course of which M. Delcasse, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, made a speech on the relations between Britain and France which was both sane and friendly. The apprehension with regard to Britain's designs, which seized upon France a few weeks ago, is rapidly disappearing.

Admiral Dewey is willing to become

a candidate for the Presidency of the United States. He is taking himself seriously in the matter, but that is not a sufficient reason for considering him a serious factor. It is hard to see, after all that has occurred, how his chances of election can be good. However, the game played for the Presidency this year promises to be very interesting.

Within the Empire nothing has attracted wider interest than the Queen's visit to Ireland. It was a happy inspiration that prompted this visit and the special favours to Irish soldiers; but the results can by no means be predicted with certainty. What was done was what a woman can do better than a man. The Queen's death will be a greater loss to the Empire than is now realized.

NATURAL VS. ARTIFICIAL.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL did not sympathize very strongly with Thoreau's constant cry of "Back to Nature," and stated that he looked upon modern sentimentalism about nature as a mark of liver complaint; yet he thought enough of the hermit of Walden Pond to say of him:

"His whole life was a rebuke of the waste and aimlessness of our American luxury which is an abject enslavement to tawdry upholstery."

The manager of a summer resort on the Hudson River, N. Y., dedicates his descriptive pamphlet in the following words:

DEDICATED

To those Sensible American
People who seek Comfort
Without Waste and Elegance
Without Ostentation.

A modern protest against tawdriness has been made by Elbert Hubbard, the Roycroft. His work in the Roycroft shops has been intended to show

people that they should have fewer things and have them better. Thoreau advised people to go and live in the woods where communion might be held with the mink and the woodchuck. Mr. Hubbard accepts the people's books and houses, but says: Let us have better books, more simple furniture and a life which is devoid of sham and false glitter.

I have heard Canadian citizens remark upon the lack of display in the equipages in which the wives of rich Canadians are wont to go calling and shopping. One brougham lacked a footman; another had a footman, but his top boots were not up-to-date; another lacked a monogram upon the door panel. These critics desired to see more display. I have heard Canadians complain, that our hotels are too plain and too modest and do not charge enough for their service. The air is full of protest against our simplicity and love of genuine comfort. Most Canadians are unconscious dis-

ciples of Ruskin, Thoreau, Tolstoi and Hubbard; yet their more ambitious brethren find them worthy only of condemnation, having little appreciation for simplicity of taste and natural refinement.

Many actors and actresses gather praise from people who possess false ideas of beauty and artistic effect. So, much of so-called society rests on the elevated plane created by those who think glitter is elegance and audacity is breeding.

I recently spent an evening at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York, the greatest hotel in a great city. The street about it was domed by an iron structure dotted with hundreds of incandescent lights, making the approaches a gilded pathway. The liveried menial swung the huge door, and we were ushered into high-ceilinged and well-paved corridors which led to the various rooms which occupy the ground floor. The outer corridors were dotted with groups of well-groomed men discussing business and politics; while the inner were more daintily decorated and furnished, and boasted a fair sprinkling of well-gowned women of fashion and society. In the smoking-room men and women sat together at tables or played billiards at the magnificent tables. The dining rooms and supper rooms were radiant with electric lights, artificial palms, gilded candelabra, polished woods and cut glass. The furnishings were the most costly, the decorations the most brilliant, the service the most complete. The rooms were generous in size and appointment. But over it all was the atmosphere of artificiality. The ladies' eyebrows, complexions, movements and garments alike exhibited a lack of natural grace. The air was full of hollowness, mockery and sensuousness. Indulged human nature that cried for stimulant, more stimulant, found here its last meal. When tired of this, there was an end of satisfaction.

Do not mistake me. I would not banish the artificial from life. What I would counsel is, that the artificial shall be a means, not an end. If we must make sacrifices let us remember that they are sacrifices, never forgetting that Nature is the balm for all wounds. Let us wear our artificiality as a cloak to be thrown off whenever the opportunity offers. If the development of the artificial takes precedence over the development of the natural, then we run a race which can end only in the crushing of body and mind.

To prevent this artificiality developing from the servant into the master, the individual must seek after the nobility that is in the world—nobility of thought, nobility of action, nobility of living. The noblest of thoughts will be found in the records of all great men from the days of the Christ to those in which we are now living. Nobility of action must be cultivated by doing noble deeds—deeds which are unheralded and unadvertised. Nobility of living must be maintained by getting away a portion of each year from the artificial to the natural, from the region of cosmetics, candelabra and footlights to the sweet bowers of nature's creating.


The late Archibald Lampman wrote a poem entitled "Life and Nature." He passes through the gates of the city and hears the murmur of prayer in the churches, and the solemn singing.

A sound of some great burden
That lay on the world's dark breast,
Of the old, and the sick, and the lonely,
And the weary that cried for rest.

Oppressed by the sadness of life in the city he passed out again to the meadows.

Blue, blue was the heaven above me,
And the earth green at my feet;
"Oh, Life! Oh, Life!" I kept saying,
And the very word seemed sweet.

John A. Cooper.



BOOK REVIEWS

CURRENT FICTION.

FOR the success of Miss Mary Johnston's romance,* which has taken so many readers by storm, we need look no farther than the deep-seated fancy that exists in prosaic days for the brave deeds, the marvellous adventures, and the courtly men and women ascribed by imagination to the world of 300 years ago. The unexpected marriage of two persons who are at first strangers, but who at last love one another appeals to the sense of romance in both sexes. Virginia in 1621 is the scene. A ward of King James, who flies to escape a hateful union, who is driven by fate into the arms of a gentleman adventurer in the colony, and who finds in him a chivalrous protector, is the heroine. A series of thrilling escapes and much carnage of pirates and savage Indians enchain the attention. That the hair of every reader rises on end (for bald-headed cynics without romance do not read these books) shows how perfectly the authoress has caught the spirit that produced the early tales of Weyman. One would wish to be young enough to begin life over again with Ralph Percy or the Lady Jocelyn Leigh for a model. But this being impossible, we must take the best substitute, and Miss Johnston provides it.

What one admires in the prose work of Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts is that the charm of poetic finish seems to breathe in all his stories. The latest volume,† containing twelve short tales,

has quickly passed to a second edition, and one bears willing testimony to the simplicity and vividness which characterize the style. Mr. Roberts has made the expulsion of the Acadians his own ground in fiction, as Longfellow did in verse. The short episodes here related are all of the place and the period, but several stand out by themselves as excellent examples of Mr. Roberts' skilful art in telling a brief tale of romance and adventure. We have seen none of the stories before, and they form a volume of very considerable attraction and merit.

It is not strange that the short story has become a great favourite among readers of fiction. In the hands of an artist it can be turned to many uses, and Mr. Fairchild, whose writings are not unknown to readers of this Magazine, has done well in gathering together for republication* ten of those sketches of French Canadian life and character, which show him to be possessed of a quiet humour and a real knowledge of the people among whom he lives. Mr. Fairchild has a special relish for the vicissitudes of country courtship, and the good-humoured way in which he can rally, and at length make happy a pair of lovers, is not the least of his qualities.

Mr. Crockett is at it again, by which we mean with no disrespect, that his astonishing industry and versatility have produced another new novel, a fat volume,‡ in which the author's native humour and a desire to write a

*To Have and to Hold. By Mary Johnston. Toronto: Morang & Co.

†By the Marshes of Minas. By Chas. G. D. Roberts. Toronto: William Briggs.

*A Ridiculous Courting, and other Stories of French Canada. By G. M. Fairchild, Jr. Chicago: R. R. Donnelly & Sons Co.

‡Joan of the Sword Hand. By S. R. Crockett. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.

mediaeval romance struggle for the mastery. In "Joan of the Sword Hand" we have enough tragedy and war, enough comedy and love-making to please the most exacting. The medley is agreeable enough, and the book is not one to weary of or to leave unfinished. But despite its stirring action, its gorgeous revival of knightly achievements, of ancient castles, and imperious princesses, we feel that it is a burlesque upon history, that the author knows it to be one, and is determined to show how clever and entertaining he can make a burlesque. The view of Pope Sixtus, quite in keeping with the rest of the history, is a severe satire, with this mitigation, that in absolving a priest's vows to enable him to marry his brother's widow, Pope Sixtus has the full consent and approval of the author, a Scotch minister!

The author of "The Realist"* has shown with great skill how perfectly the modern novel reader is taken in and done for by the new school of sensational writers. The hero is a French author who is writing an English novel, and being a realist wants to draw his characters and scenes from real life. In order to gratify his tastes he nearly drives a worthy young journalist and his lady love, who acts as the author's amanuensis, frantic with horror and alarm. It is all worked out so well that the reader—like the hero and heroine—thrills, trembles, despairs and goes through all the various displays required of the automata in the tale.

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SHAKESPEARE.

A number of worthy and industrious persons, with the critical instinct, have set themselves to destroy the belief that William Shakespeare wrote the plays attributed to him. This alarming campaign grows more virulent with time. It is alarming because so few of us who shine in literature can hope to leave much behind us but our

immortal works. Deprive us of the hoped-for favour of posterity, and what becomes of the zest of present existence? The latest critic to join the Shakespeare hunt* leaves the bard without a rag of reputation—histrionic, literary, moral or other. We are told that it is doubtful if he could write. This test alone, one feels, raises doubts. Accepting the supposed signatures as genuine, how could a man who appears to have penned his name with the blunt end of a match have composed those magnificent plays? Every printer knows the faultless chirography of literary men. The hand-writing of the present writer has often (at a glance) been distinguished from the Egyptian hieroglyphics. Shakespearean scholars should meet this objection. Before it the fondest admirer quails. Mr. Edwards raises other points, with tireless vigilance and amazing spirit. He pictures "Shaksper," a butcher's boy, illiterate, licentious, an indifferent actor, a hoarder of gain, and claims that whoever wrote the Shakespeare plays this "Shaksper" did not. The theory may excite curiosity, but it is, to our mind, simply preposterous. Commonplace people will turn, without remorse, to Mr. Lee's admirable book as a sane and scholarly production presenting in a coherent manner the salient points in Shakespeare's career, and reviewing for us all the evidence we are apparently ever to have respecting the poet and his works. In a note at the conclusion of the volume Mr. Lee deals with the theory that Bacon was the author of the plays, and while one can readily admit that those who propound this view lack for neither brains nor ingenuity, their quest is in vain. Few, if any, trained and well-balanced critics can doubt that the plays of Shakespeare were the product of just such a man as we have reason to believe Shakespeare was—a man of infinite fancy, of capacious intellect, of remarkable energy, with

*The Realist. By Herbert Flowerden. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.

*Shaksper not Shakespeare. By Wm. H. Edwards. Cincinnati: The Robert Clarke Co.; The Life of Shakespeare. By Sydney Lee. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

the limitations of a defective education, but inspired by the most wonderful age in English development, and illuminating for all time the literature of the world by the splendour of his genius. The idea is now broached that Sir Walter Scott was not the author of all the Waverley novels because the manuscript of several of them is in the handwriting of Ballantyne. It is surely not arrogant obtuseness to treat these theories as the amusements of an age which is at once thorough and capricious, practical yet credulous.



AMERICAN MINISTER TO LONDON.

That Mr. Adams, who represented the United States in England during the Civil War, had an exceptionally difficult position to fill is no secret. The memoir* now published by his son confirms this belief and amplifies the proofs already in existence that the diplomacy of that troublous period was rendered doubly ineffective by the fact that neither the Palmerston nor the Lincoln administration had any real confidence in the other. Mr. Adams was a distinguished man of the highest character, yet the relations between the two countries were so embittered that both his social and official duties were often discharged under circumstances exceptionally trying. The present volume is merely preparatory to a longer work in which the talented son of an illustrious father will exhibit, by means of diaries and letters, a career of much interest to Englishmen from 1861 to 1868, the period during which Mr. Adams was in London. One infers, perhaps unfairly, that the Minister in discharging his functions showed a less gracious demeanour than that exhibited by Lord Lyons, whose tact, kindness and delicacy figured so impressively in the negotiations at Washington, drawing from Seward, the Secretary of State, a formal acknowledgment, couched in

warm terms, that Lord Lyons had done much in the Mason and Slidell affair to avert a war. Not that Mr. Adams failed in dignity and candour, but if we are to take these pages as a correct interpretation of his mental position throughout a prolonged controversy he was unable to comprehend the British attitude of hostility toward his country—an attitude influenced by at least a generation of unfair diplomatic treatment. After the lapse of forty years one can see clearly enough that England never could have intervened in behalf of a slave-holding confederacy. The popular instinct was against it. Lord Palmerston's ill-starred alliance with Louis Napoleon, fraught with humiliation to himself and his country, doubtless contributed to the delay in reaching a real understanding of the position. But Seward's own course, outlined here we must confess with very great leniency, would justify almost any Government in distrusting him and being ready for war rather than peace. This was most unfortunate, since it encouraged the South to hold out in expectation of help. That there were faults on both sides, an impartial observer would admit, but we do not find much confession to that effect in this memoir. It is painful to discover in the temper of the present biographer such deeply rooted hostility to English policy, and it augurs ill for the future relations of the two nations when the best type of Americans find it hard to construe history dispassionately. Apart from this, the book reveals to us a singularly pure and lofty character of whom any son, indeed any country, might well cherish the most affectionate respect.



THE TOURIST IN CANADA.

To go about with a small red book—over which you pore intently in railway trains or on top of omnibuses—is in Europe to proclaim yourself a tourist. The red book is Baedeker's handbook for travellers, and it is significant that the year 1900 sees the issue of a new

* Charles Francis Adams. By his son, Charles Francis Adams. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

edition of "Baedeker's Canada,"* an indication that the stream of visitors to the Dominion is now large enough to call for a revised volume. The book is on identical lines with the European handbooks. The system of exact, compressed, detailed information is original, and probably the best devised. The visitor is taken in hand like a child, and moved about, even the street he shall walk on and the view he should take being prescribed. The present writer once followed Baedeker's directions to the letter in visiting an English town—for curiosity's sake—and to this day retains a more perfect recollection of it than of any other place visited. For the utter stranger the system is admirable. This volume contains 17 maps and plans, the best we have ever seen. There are short introductory articles on the Constitution by Sir John Bourinot, on Geography and Geology, by G. M. Dawson, F.R.S.; on Sports and Pastimes, by Messrs. Fuller & Chambers.

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SCIENCE DOWN TO DATE.

Mr. Iles has the faculty of doing a number of things well. In literature, as in science, he is intensely practical, and therefore his new book† will be appreciated by those who dabble in science for the purpose of acquiring a knowledge of what it does and can do in modern life. In the opening sentence the author succinctly sets forth his aim as "an attempt briefly to recite the chief uses of fire, electricity and photography, bringing the narrative of discovery and invention to the close of 1899." The attempt is successful. What could be more useful than a careful examination, exact without tiresome details, of the development, the appliances and the utility of telegraphy, the telephone, photography and all the other purposes to which flame and electricity have been turned with won-

drous results, down to the present year? Mr. Iles writes well and when he touches upon the economic as well as the actual effects of applied science he can be both entertaining and profound. His book will take its place among the works which we call popular for want of a better term, but which is at once serious and interesting. The author, a Canadian now resident in New York, is well known in Montreal and Toronto for his keen intellectual powers, and a real interest in scientific work.

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A PIONEER IN THE CANADIAN WEST.

Mr. Baillie-Grohman, in writing a book about sport and life on the Pacific Coast,* has embodied some amusing experiences in British Columbia. He was a pioneer in the Kootenay region, and how he got a steam launch from England to one of the lakes in the region, carrying it on human shoulders through the Selkirks, is a tale in itself. It was entered, after a tussle with the Montreal Customs, as a part of a "settler's effects." There was only one other white resident in the Kootenay district in the early Eighties. Among the Flatbow Indians, he says, the small steamer

"created the most profound surprise, the whole tribe dashing down to the river bank when they heard her infantile puffs. The biggest thing about the "Midge" was her whistle, and to get permission to pull the string and send forth a shrill blast was the most prized privilege I could bestow on any buck I desired to distinguish."

The Indians were glad to supply wood for the steamer in return for the honour of pulling the whistle. These were early days indeed! The author is severely humorous at the expense of the slow-going pioneers. He had despatches for one of the Provincial Ministers, which he tried to deliver on the 29th June in a certain year. The Minister spent but a few minutes in his office, and successfully dodged visitors.

*"Baedeker's Canada," second revised edition. New York: Charles Scribners' Sons.

† Flame, Electricity and the Camera. By George Iles. Toronto: The Publishers' Syndicate.

* Sport and Life in the Hunting Grounds of Western America and British Columbia. By W. A. Baillie-Grohman. London: Horace Cox.

Next day there was a cricket match, and the Minister was, of course, present. July 1st and 4th were both kept as public holidays, and the Minister put in four days' fishing at Cowichan. The fuming Englishman had to wait, but he takes his revenge now. There is

much about big game, the difficulties of grumbling pioneers, and other phases of a new country, and those who wish to see British Columbia through the spectacles of a cynical outsider will be amused with Mr. Baillie-Grohman.

LITERARY NOTES.

NOT being a popular novelist Ernest Seton-Thompson's reputation grows slowly, but it is growing. The foundations have been laid broad and deep, and the structure may be as lasting as a Rhine castle or the Appian Way. His latest book "The Biography of a Grizzly" (Toronto: The Copp Clark Co.) with its seventy-five drawings, is a work of art, of art in its two-fold sense. It is an artistic story, this biography of Wab, the huge grizzly bear that was once a little yellow ball rolling over and over on the grass with three other little yellow balls, and a great mother grizzly looking on contentedly. What Wab learned about traps, smells, roots, ants, and the pleasure and pain of life is admirably set down by this sage interpreter of the animal kingdom. The book is artistic in another sense, for the drawings by Mr. Thompson and his accomplished wife have been reproduced so as to reveal and interpret what the story tells. The volume is most dainty, a pearl among the many gems now being produced to satisfy the rising taste of an appreciative public. And Mr. and Mrs. Thompson are Canadians.

Oh, the stream of paper-covered novels! The inventor thereof should have been throttled in his infancy, but perhaps he could not foresee that some day the name of paper-covered novels would be legion. If people did not buy the trash, of course it would not be printed.

Within paper covers however some good literary work may occasionally be found. "A Man's Woman" by Frank Norris and "The Waters of

Edera" by Ouida are passable (Toronto: The Musson Book Co.) The former deals with an arctic explorer and the woman who influenced him; the latter describes the lives of some miserable peasants in northern Italy—those who are bent and broken and have many years of unanswered prayers.

The war will be productive of many books. Arthur H. Scaife, an Englishman who came to Canada some years ago and assisted in the foundation of the Vancouver *Province* and who has recently returned to London, has written a volume entitled "The War to Date," (London: T. Fisher Unwin). He has done his work well, making free use of everything that has been printed in the London papers. The work is magnificently illustrated.

Dennis Edwards & Co., of Capetown, publishers of the valuable volume "Picturesque South Africa," are issuing in twelve parts, at one and six, "The Anglo-Boer War Album." Each part contains sixteen large illustrations which are just as valuable as large photographs and much less costly.

"Boers and British" is a two-penny pamphlet, by Frank R. Cana, issued by *The St. James Gazette*, Whitefriars, London. It deals with the historical events from 1881 up to the beginning of the war.

"Nature's Garden" is the title of a large volume for the botanical beginner, by Neltje Blanchan, author of two books on bird life. It contains intimate life-histories of over five hundred species of wild flowers, written in untechnical, vivid language. One of the features

is the information given concerning the special insect to which each flower is adapted. Another feature is the collection of fifty-six coloured plates and sixty-three black and white reproductions. (Toronto: Wm. Briggs.)

Attention has already been called to excellent series of chief scientific books being published by Schleicher Frères, 13 Rue des Saints Pères, Paris. Number 19 is to hand and is entitled "L'Electricité et ses Applications," by Dr. Fouveau de Courmelles.

The fourth of the yearly volumes of Historical Reviews, now being issued by the University of Toronto Library, mentions a very large number of books, pamphlets and articles that have been issued during 1899. It is a question whether the method of the volume is such as to confuse or enlighten the reader. When a dozen books dealing with closely related subjects are reviewed separately, no matter how well the reviewing may be done, there is no connected array of arguments laid before the reader. For example: In the first division of the book, "Canada's Relation to the Empire," there are reviews of eight volumes, one article and one pamphlet. Several of these might have been ignored or merely mentioned. The more important books should have been considered together and the net result of fresh research and new opinions definitely stated in one article. The *Quarterly Review* sometimes reviews eight or ten books on related subjects in one article, summing up the net result so as to give a comprehensive and connected survey of the trend of thought of all the writers. This method of treatment is much to be preferred to that adopted by the editors of the volume under consideration. This would, of course, entail wider reading and deeper thought, but it would not be less scholarly work than might be expected from persons assuming so much authority. Such a method would enable the reader to get a comprehensive grasp of each subject

which cannot be gained from a number of scrappy reviews and would enable the reviewer to give much broader information in a much smaller space. In reading the various reviews, one is sometimes forced to stop and wonder what the reviewer has been aiming at in his work. Some of the reviews indicate the errors and weaknesses in a volume without mentioning or referring to the special information which the book may contain. Therefore after the review is read, the reader does not know whether or not he should add the volume to his library.

To illustrate by a Canadian example, reference may be made to the method pursued by Dr. Brymner in his yearly report on Canadian archives. To each volume of reprinted documents he prefixes a review showing the relation to each other of the various documents, and pointing out their significance and their salient features. Such an introduction to each of the six sections in the volume edited by Professor Wrong and Mr. Langton would have been very valuable and would have been welcomed by the person who desires to know what each year's publications add to our knowledge of Canadian history.

In the division of the book entitled "Archæology, Ethnology and Folk-Lore," some twenty-six books and articles are reviewed by Prof. A. F. Chamberlain in four groups. This method is much more satisfactory than that adopted in the other sections for the reasons that have already been stated.

David Boyle, the Ontario Archæologist, has issued his report for 1899 (Education Department, Toronto) and has added much valuable data to our archæological knowledge. The notes on some recently-added specimens are very valuable. Wm. E. Connelley writes of "The Wyandots," Benjamin Sulte of "The Wars of the Iroquois," Alex. T. Cringan of "Dance Songs of the Iroquois" and several writers give much new information concerning the sites of ancient Indian villages.



IDLE MOMENTS



A CANOE TRICK.

WHEN the District of Parry Sound was first settled, there came a gentleman from England by the name of Henley, who located on the shores of a beautiful lake called Mannatuwaba. He was of good birth and education, had plenty of money, and was noted far and near for his hospitality and deeds of kindness. Though he was drowned in the lake one dark and stormy night many years ago, his memory is still fresh in the hearts of all the old settlers who knew him. At a supper given in his honour, shortly before his death, Mr. Henley related the following incident, which he declared had happened only a few days previous: "One dark night," said he, "I was sitting alone in my house reading when I was startled by a knock and the words 'Dinna be afeered, Mister Henley.' I hastened to open the door, but could see nobody. A voice from round the corner of the house inquired, 'Cud ye pass me oot some claes, Mister Henley?' 'Who are you, and what's the matter?' I asked. 'Dinna ye ken who I be? I'm old Tommy Nichol an' I've lost ma claes.' 'Come in, man,' I cried in astonishment, 'you'll perish of cold out there.' The night was very chilly indeed. 'You dinna hae company, hae ye?' cautiously inquired the old man, coming out from his refuge, his teeth chattering, and he was in a regular shiver. I soon had him clothed and while he was sipping a hot Scotch with great gusto, I asked him how he came to be in such a wretched plight. 'Weel,' said he, 'ye ken I'm abuildin' a barn, an' as I was cummin' oop the lake I tho't I'd lan' on the point for some sand to mix with the lime, ye ken. I run my canoe up to the bar, an' jumped oot, but that beastie of a dog jumped oot after me and kicked the canoe off fra the bank. When I turned roun' she was ten yards awa'.

So I off wid ma claes an' in after her. It was amast dark an' I cudna swim fast, an' the dog kept tryin' to pull me back, so when I foun' I cudna catch her I got ashore as best I cud. Ye ken it was dark an' I didna lan' on the same place. Then oop an' doon I went but na claes cud I fin', so I says, auld Tom, ye mon get to Mister Henley's quick, or you'll die of cald. Ay, man alive, but I had a sair time, I tried to walk fas' to keep warm, but I trod on a knot and made a howl in ma foot, then I barked ma shin agin a rock and fell over a tree. Then I just sat me down to greet. Marcy alive, man, I did shake wi' the cald. I tho't I'd creep, but I cudna mak' ony headway. Ay but it was a sair journey on a pair auld man lak' me. At last I seed yer light, Mister Henley, an' I thanket God earnest-like. Now, how am I to get in? I tho't. What if Mister Henley has company, and if I knock it's a spook he'll say it is when he sees me. So I just tho't I'd tell ye before I came in sight. Weel, I'm ou'er glad I got in sa safe, but hoo'll I get awa' noo wi'oot ma claes? Cud ye let me wear these, Mister Henley?' I informed him that he was welcome to them as long as he wished. He stayed with me all night, and next morning saw the old fellow away on a search for his lost garments."

J. Harmon Patterson.



THE DÉBUTANTE.

The first of the season she made her début—
(O! my heart, O! my heart, how you thumped when we met!)
And the touch of her soft little hand thrilled me through,
With an ecstatic bliss that I ne'er shall forget.
Sweet débutante.

The loveliest bud of the gay year is she—
(O! my heart, she has taken you captive, I know!)

Blue eyes that peep shyly through fringes at
me,
Cheeks all a-dimple and forehead of snow.
Fair débutante.

Happiness reigns o'er the sun-smothered days
(O! my heart, the glad secret you know,
ah, you know!)

And life sings her sweetest and merriest lays,
For I'm sure my love loves me, her eyes tell
me so.

Dear débutante.

Without her, a dark, cheerless world this
would be—

(O! my heart, how I love her—my jewel,
my pearl!)

For I am her slave and her daddy, you see,
And she is my baby—my wee baby girl.
My débutante.

Lizzie English Dyas.

TWO KITTENS.

A Boarding-House Episode.

The old bachelor occupied that room in the boarding house which was known as the "Klondike." The boarding house stood at the intersection of two streets, and the "Klondike" was situated at the north-east angle of the building, so that its occupant received the full benefit of winds that came howling down from the north, or, by way of diversion, whirled up from east or west. The boarding house furnace was not overworked, and the scanty allowance of hot air which it doled out seldom troubled itself to wander as far as the bachelor's room; but, should it feel inclined to do so, provision was made for its entrance by means of a small register in the wall. This register was exactly opposite to the one in the wall of the adjoining room, and the occupant of either room was able, with the assistance of a piece of wire and the exercise of a little ingenuity, to close his neighbour's register, and thus monopolize any faint suspicion of heat that might drift that way.

The old bachelor was not aware of this fact; but it struck him as rather curious that if he left his register open when he went out, he always found it closed on his return. He accused the

chambermaid of interfering with it, but she denied having done so, and the denial was accompanied with a knowing twinkle in her eye which was completely lost upon the simple, unsuspecting gentleman.

The room which adjoined the "Klondike" was occupied by two maiden ladies, sisters. They were not, by any means, old maids of the Aunt Acidula type, who offer up a special thanksgiving if some unfortunate druggist is fined for selling a child a cent's worth of peppermint drops on the Sabbath day; or rejoice with pious joy when a bar-tender gets into trouble through supplying a minor with a glass of ginger ale. On the contrary, they enjoyed their game of whist, were not averse to a glass of wine, and were very tolerant of tobacco; in short, they were healthy, cheerful, good-hearted women of the world. But they were too clever for their bachelor neighbour; until one day, having left his room he suddenly and unexpectedly returned, and saw, to his astonishment, that his register was slowly but surely closing, and, apparently, of its own accord. This set him thinking; and he determined to keep a careful watch, which resulted in his making a discovery that placed him in rather an awkward position. Act he must, and at once. But how?

Next morning, he left his room as usual, but immediately returned, treading gingerly on tip-toe, and sat down to await developments.

His patience was not taxed long. A faint, tinkling sound, as of metal upon metal, directed his attention to the register. There he saw a wire, which even his inexperience allowed him to recognize as that useful adjunct of a lady's toilet, a hairpin, carefully inserted, and the register was gently but firmly closed.

Later on in the day, and with much trepidation, he knocked at the ladies' door, and begged the loan of a hairpin with which to clean his pipe.

His request was promptly and cheerfully granted, and he retired to his own quarters with his prize. How he used

it the following verses, which in some mysterious manner went the round of the boarding house next day, will show :

"TWO KITTENS."

Two little kittens, so frisky and gay,
Kept maiden's hall, next to bachelor's hall.
The poor old bachelor heard one say :

"Dear sister pussy, it is not meet
That a bachelor's room should have any heat.
Horrid old bachelor, wicked and bold,
And two little pussy cats out in the cold!
I think, don't you? 'twould be quite fair
To shut the old bachelor's register.
I've thought of a plan that cannot fail,
Fasten a hairpin onto my tail,
I'll sit with my back to the bachelor's wall,
And do nothing at all. Oh, nothing at all."

But the wicked old bachelor, sly old man,
Caught on to the pussy cats' neat little plan.
One morning he knocked at the kittens' door,
And borrowed a hairpin. Then, on the floor
He knelt by his register, chuckling with glee,
"I'll fasten my register open," quoth he.

"Bachelors like to be warm when they're old;
The place for young kittens is out in the cold."
The pussy cats looked at each other askew,
And, together, they uttered a plaintive "me-
ew."

"Horrid old bachelor, wicked and bold,
And two little pussy cats out in the cold!"

And now, enveloped in a heavy ulster,
with a railway rug over his knees, the
old bachelor sits and smokes his pipe
by his open register, and fondly imag-
ines he is warm.

Sparham Sheldrake.

THE SUGAR AT THE BOTTOM OF
THE CUP.

When Johnny was a little boy,
'Bout four years old or more,
He always had his bread and milk
At sunset, as he sat beside the door.

And Johnny used to holler out
When he had ceased to sup,
"Say mother dear, please may I lick
The sugar at the bottom of the cup?"

His mother thought it wasn't right
Such manners bold to have,
And would reprove him with a frown
And bid him mind his manners and behave.

Then Johnny'd slyly tip the cup
And stick a finger in,

And when his ma would turn away
With trembling joy and fear he would begin

To taste the sweets of stolen fruit,
As *æ* have often done,
Then run and tell his playmates all:
"At supper time I had the mostest fun."

Now Johnny is a grown man,
And many joys has he;
For all the things he wants are his,
And yet, withal, it is most strange to see;

Than all things else that Johnny has
Since he has grown up,
He dearly loves to slyly lick
The sugar at the bottom of the cup.

Jean Lyall.

LAID BARE.

Aye, Bobby Burns, your o'er smart words
Poppit i' my head æ day—
I'd like to see my ain true sel'
As plain as a' the world may.

I wish't lang; a wee bit speerit
Cam to my beddie i' the night,
Fu' gracious wi' my wishes wild,
An' O I got an awfu' fricht.

For as I look't my heart grew sair;
A grewsome sicht for a' my pride
'Twas but a wee bit thing I saw—
The world kent nocht o' me, McBride.

Kaslo, B. C.

David W. King.

THE LITTLE ONES.

Kind Lady to Weeping Child—
"Well, little girl, are you lost?"
Weeping Child, with sudden burst
of passion—"Me lost! You silly old
thing what are you talking about?—
Look at me, don't you see I'm right
here?—It's our house I can't find."

The Canadian Pacific express was
wending its wonderful way through
some of the most impressive defiles of
the Rocky Mountains—creeping slowly
around sharp curves, clinging to the
face of perpendicular cliffs like a cater-
pillar on the wall, stretching its length
over deep gorges and tumultuous
rivers, laboriously making its way up-
ward. It was a long train, and from
the Pullman windows the engine and
forward cars could often be seen as it
doubled on its tortuous way. Presently
the small girl who had been looking

out, turned with a shrill cry, "Oh mother, mother! Look what a fearful place the engine's going over this time! My, I hope the cars wont follow it! Don't you?"

Visions of the dire possibilities of such a parting of company, under the circumstances, delayed for a moment the amused smiles of the other passengers.

Alice Ashworth.

ANECDOTES.

UNCERTAINTY THAT WAS UNPLEASANT.—Sir William MacCormac, the president of the Royal College of Surgeons of London, is at times quite absent-minded. He is an indefatigable worker, and often to save time when studying in his laboratory, has a light luncheon served there. Once his assistants heard him sigh heavily, and looking up saw the doctor glaring at two glass receptacles on his table. "What is the matter, doctor?" asked one of the youngsters. "Nothing in particular," was the reply, "only I am uncertain whether I drank the beef tea or that compound I am working on."

BEGGING A PRIVILEGE.—An old farmer who was in the habit of eating what was set before him, asking no questions, dropped into a café for dinner. The waiter gave him the dinner card and explained that it was the list of dishes served for dinner that day. The old gentleman began at the top of the bill of fare and ordered each thing in turn until he had covered about one-third of it. The prospect of what was still before him was overpowering, yet there were some things at the end that he wanted to try. Finally he called the waiter, and, confidentially marking off the spaces on the card with his index finger, said: "Look here, I've et from thar to thar, can I skip from thar to thar and eat on to the bottom?"

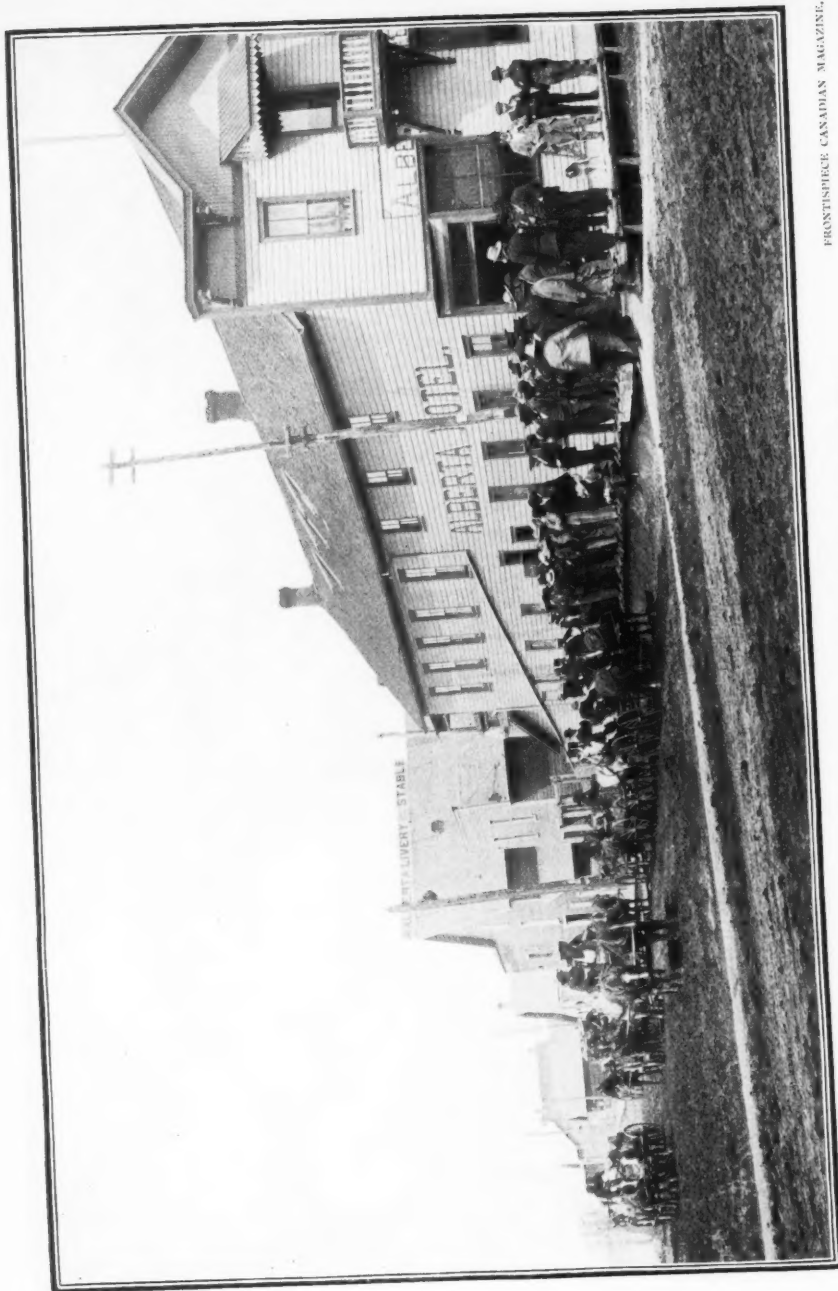
A CHANGE OF COLOUR.—Sir Algernon West's "Recollections" contains this amusing anecdote. A man at election time tried to sell some kittens with blue Tory ribbons on, and failed. The next day he tried to sell them with yellow Liberal ribbons on. "Why," said some

one, "they were Tories yesterday!" "Yes," he said, "but their eyes are opened since then, and they have become Liberals."

A QUIET RETORT.—To a young man who stood on the street corner in Chicago, peaceably smoking a cigar, approached the elderly and impertinent reformer of immemorial legend. "How many cigars a day do you smoke?" inquired the meddler in other people's affairs. "Three," patiently replied the youth. "How much do you pay for them?" continued the inquisitor. "Ten cents each," confessed the youthful sinner. "Don't you know, sir," continued the sage, "that if you would stop smoking and save up that money, by the time you are as old as I am you might own that big building on the corner?" "Do you own it?" answered the smoker. "No, I don't," replied the old man. "Well, I do," said the young man.

BISHOP CREIGHTON'S DISCOVERY ABOUT HENS.—The Archbishop of Canterbury, in youth, had some experience as a farmer. Evidently the Bishop of London's education in that respect was neglected. In the account of one of his speeches at the Church Congress he is reported as saying: "There is a certain class of people who are like hens when they have laid an egg. They form their opinion with such difficulty, apparently, and so seldom that when they have formed one they go and crow to all the world to show that they have done it." We would respectfully advise Dr. Creighton not to draw an illustration from crowing hens if he should ever be addressing a rural audience.—*Exchanges.*

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PHOTOGRAPH BY MATHERS.

TREATY COMMISSION LEAVING EDMONTON.

ON MAY 20TH, 1890, THE TREATY COMMISSION FOR THE SETTLEMENT OF INDIAN CLAIMS LEFT FOR THE NORTH UNDER A MOUNTED POLICE ESCORT.

FRONTISPIECE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.